

THE ROUND TABLE.

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OCTOBER—SENTIMENTALLY AND SENSUOUSLY CONSIDERED.

REAMS have been written on the sylvan glories of the American autumn. Such pictorial thinkers as Brainerd, Bryant, and Washington Irving have reproduced them in thoughts that breathe with their spicy fragrance and burn with their matchless splendor. As the season returns, memory recalls the old pictures of these poet-linners, and even amid the filth, the evil flavors, the coarse tumult of this sordid Babylon, the solemn quiet of the musky October woods seems to steal in upon our hard city natures, and tranquillize our restless city souls.

Say not that the theme is hackneyed. Custom cannot stale its infinite poetry. Could we live a thousand years, the Eden that comes down from heaven upon the earth with these sweet October sunbeams would charm our age as they charmed our youth and our maturity. It seems as if one were nearer heaven in this "Sabbath of the year." The rural world looks saintlier than in the work-day season, when its mission is to grow. Nature ceases from her labors, puts on her holiday garments, and goes into an ecstatic trance. Wise is the citizen who goes out from the pent-up town into her large domain, to walk with her in her radiant dream, until the premonitory touch of winter begins to dissolve the delightful vision. Now, ere her features begin to stiffen and shrink in "cold obstruction's apathy;" now, ere she puts on her white grave-clothes, and goes down into her hard sepulcher, there to lie until spring, dressed in floral garlands, shall come to roll away the stone; now, while intensest green clothes the pastures, and all the hues of sunset flame on the wooded hills; now, when the forest walks are paved with mossy verdure, and red and purple and yellow berries—vegetable gems—lie thick on the soft carpeting; now, while the parasitic plants drape the rugged pillars of the sylvan temple with scarlet and gold, and hang in graceful festoons—that put to shame the most gorgeous upholstery of art—from tree to tree; now, when the tawny nuts and acorns patter down with a pleasant sound on last year's withered leaves, and the squirrels are a-foraging; now, ere the wood-thrush and the wren have ceased to warble, and while the late wild-flowers are still a-bloom; now, while the insect world is humming its melodious death-song; now, when the resplendent nights are lovelier even than the days, and the moon and stars seem to come nearer to the earth, as if enamored by its marvelous beauty—now is the time to leave the man-made town and give the soul a holiday in God's-land.

Nor does this magnificent month delight the spirit alone. It is richly fraught with edible blessings that tickle the sensibilities of the sensuous. And let it not be supposed that animal and poetic enjoyment are incompatible. A poetic temperament refines the appetite, and a fine appetite, well served, tends to sus-

tain and vivify a poetic temperament. Thought cannot soar on a lenten diet; luxuriant (far less luxurious) imaginings were never yet born of Spartan fare. Kind Providence is cognizant of this important metaphysical fact, and hence has endowed sentimental autumn—the season when the divine afflatus is most inclined to stir within us—with a rare assortment of creature comforts. In October all the meats become fat and juicy. October beef, mutton, and veal are no more like the same comestibles in mid July than one's age-dried and stringy grandmother is like a plump, elastic Hebe in her teens. And, then, look at the autumn dessert. Tilt your horn of plenty, buxom Pomona, and let us devour, with epicurean eyes, its contents—tasting the choicest of them now and then as we pursue our inquisition. Thanks to a tasteful Creator for these pears—"Bartlett's" and "Duchesses," under whose golden skins lusciousness lies a-melting, and voluptuous "Flemish Beauties," whose flushed cheeks an anchorite might be excused for biting. Here are grapes—Isabellas, Concord, and Catawbas—from the vineyards, and magnificent clusters nursed to absolute perfection under glass. Thanks to Noah or Bacchus—some say that Bacchus was none other than the great ark-wright of Scripture under a heathen name—for giving us the vine. Thanks to art and culture for blowing its natural globules to such full proportions, and filling them with supernatural flavors. Let us not waste pity on Anacreon. The poet-epicure had enjoyed the fruit before he was choked by the seed. He died with the flavor of the Chian grape upon his palate! Ah!—melons. The cantelope, rough as a ball of cordage without, but lined with edible gold, every mouthful of which is worth a prince's ransom. And what an aroma! Azim inhaled no odor more sensuous in the seduction-chamber of the Veiled Prophet. These water-melons, too—but let us cleave one through the center. Lo! a double hive, full of honeycomb more delicious than was ever stored by the bees of Hybla in the "hollow oak." Wait for us a moment, good reader, while we bury our face in a blushing segment—and take at once a bath and a banquet. There! our whole innerman is refreshed and comforted. Green-gages—eh? No wonder that some fifty years ago the "solid men" of England used to call a hundred thousand pounds a "plum." The green-gage, we take it, had been then but newly introduced, and shop-keeper John Bull, as he smacked his lips over its gum-saccharine, naturally compared it to that apple of his eye, his gold. What a compliment to the fruit, that money-loving John should have likened it to a hundred thousand pounds! What are these?—nectarines and apricots. We have seen better in Europe; for either from lack of proper culture or because the climate is not propitious to them, the nectarine and the apricot dwindle and degenerate on this side of the Atlantic. They manage these matters better in France. Here we have a shower of apples—Spitzenbergs, Seek-no-further, Baldwins, and Greenings. Excellent, no doubt, but we have no relish for them in the presence of the rarer autumn fruits. Let them be sent to the store-room until winter shall make them welcome—they will mellow in the meantime. A few peaches roll out of your cornucopia, Pomona, but they are the lees of the crop. The sumptuous specimens of the tribe went out with September, and these are cold-humored and sallow. Embalmed in white brandy, duly sugared, however, they will not be bad to take in December.

And so, Pomona, we come to the little end of your horn, and to the end, too, of the space to which we must limit this gush of sentiment and sensuousness. Vale, reader, until we meet again in print, which, if this screed find favor with thee, we swear by all that

is egotistic shall be before the waxing moon that gilds these fair October nights has gone the way of moons and men.

J. B.

THE SABBATH OF THE YEAR.

WHEN comes the Sabbath of the Year,
'Tis sweet in woodland paths to stray,
Ere yet the foliage, fluttering sere,
Is swept to damp decay.

To muse in Nature's quiet halls,
Where, like a saint, she stands at prayer,
While solemn thought the soul entralls,
And we her rapture share.

The streams, that all the Summer long
Sang lyrics loud in careless glee,
Glide onward with a soberer song,
A tenderer melody.

They hush their voices to a hymn
Subdued and soft, though echoing clear
Through woodland aisles and archways dim,—
The vespers of the year.

Though the winged choir afar has flown,
Yet now the West-wind's breathing seems
Like the religious organ's tone,
Or music heard in dreams.

Up lightly from unnumbered rills,
Far-spreading, floats a vapor gray,
Like incense that some temple fills,
Where thousands kneel to pray.

The rustling of the leaves aloft,
When the bland breeze the branches stirs,
Is like the murmuring low and soft
Of myriad worshippers.

The lingering wild-flowers blooming fair,
Though dreaming of the frost of Death,
Send upward, like unuttered prayer,
The fragrance of their breath.

Like friars, the aged trees around
Seem telling beads in fitful prayer,
Whene'er a dry leaf to the ground
Drops through the misty air.

We feel a presence undefined,
As if of spiritual things;
We catch their vague words on the wind;
We hear them wave their wings.

Yea, all we feel, and see, and hear,
To serious mood the soul compels,
As when there falls upon the ear
The sound of Sabbath bells.

If thou art wearied with the jar,
The dust, the noise, the fret of life,
And thou wouldst only hear from far
The tumult of the strife;

When comes the Sabbath of the Year,
Within the wild-wood enter thou:
Cares from thy heart shall disappear,
The shadows from thy brow.

In that wide fane not reared by hands,
Shall blessings unto thee be given,
As pour upon the parched sands
The welcome showers from heaven.

And thou shalt know that it was good,
Listening, to join in Nature's prayer,
And, wandering in the solitude,
Her silent rapture share.

Sept., 1865.

W. L. S.

OTTO VON BISMARCK.

CAVOUR is dead; Palmerston, as minister of foreign affairs, belongs to the past; Earl Russell, as such, is insignificant; Thouvenel and Rechberg are more than half forgotten; Drouyn de Lhuys and Gortchakoff fight the battles of diplomacy in the shade of their masters; Mensdorff totters after Rechberg; the only European diplomat of our generation whose name is constantly before the world, is the Prussian minister, Von Bismarck. This is a name, indeed, which the newspaper readers of both hemispheres rarely lose sight of for a day. It is, perhaps, the more conspicuous because of the obscurity of others; perhaps on account of its shining in a ministerial sphere in which, since the remote times of Stein and Hardenberg, we are accustomed only to total darkness, but it is chiefly prominent on account of its appearing in the foreground of both European diplomacy and reaction. You find Bismarck everywhere. He conquers the Danes, humbles the Britons, cheats Austria, mocks the Bund, half-pockets Schleswig-Holstein, aids Russia against the Poles, plots with Napoleon for a change of the map of Europe, and at the same time fights Waldeck and Virchow in the legislative arena, wrestles with majorities and the press, issues ordonnance after ordonnance, dissolves chamber after chamber, and governs constitutionally without a budget established by the legislature. Is this Herr von Bismarck, who sometimes acts as if he were Herr von Preussen, a real genius of statesmanship, in whom the talents of a Richelieu and a Cavour are marvelously blended together? Or is his skill in diplomacy that of an Alberoni, and his parliamentary boldness that of a Polignac? Like the last-named statesman, he tries to close up a period of revolution: may he not, like him, bring about the wreck of a dynasty? There is a great resemblance, we believe, between the old brother of Louis XVIII., who conquered Algiers and fell, and the old brother of Frederic William IV., who conquered Schleswig; but is there any in this connection between France and Prussia? William I. seems to have forgotten and learned as little as Charles X.; but what has the German people learned in and since 1848? The future will solve these questions. In the meanwhile we find it interesting to cast an examining glance over the past of Von Bismarck, which may allow us modestly to guess at the intrinsic merits of his "high policy" (*hohe Politik*) and "politic policy" (*politische Politik*), within and abroad. In the following, we shall pass in review the earlier part of his career.

Otto von Bismarck was born in Brandenburg, in 1813, of an old, though not wealthy, noble family, which counted two ministers of state among its former members. He studied law at the universities of Göttingen, Berlin, and Greifswalde, served a year in the army, accepted a small office in his native province, and subsequently was elected a representative of the nobility at the provincial diet of Prussian Saxony. But he first attained political prominence as a member of the "united diet" of 1847, when by boldness, talent, and reactionary consistency he raised himself to the leadership of the extreme right wing of that assembly. Prompt to combat, and immoderate in his zeal and wit, he was himself frequently assailed, interrupted, and hooted at by the liberal members. The diet, an offshoot of provincial estates, was destined by its originator, Frederic William IV., to inaugurate a new era in the history of Prussia, and a form of government equally remote from absolutism and constitutionalism—an experiment which appeared dangerous to the aristocracy of birth as well as of office, and to the men of the people exceedingly slow. The latter demanded a real constitution and a real parliament. Von Bismarck, in opposing these demands, which he stigmatized as revolutionary, denied the claims of the Prussian people, as based on its deserts in the "war for freedom" and the royal promises of the same period. The Prussian monarchs he declared to be "by the grace of God, and not by the consent of the people, the possessors of an unlimited power, of the rights of which they voluntarily bestowed a part on the nation." In the debate on the Jewish bill, he confessed his adherence to principles decreed "as dark and mediæval," spoke against the admission of Jews to offices, protested against calling their emancipation a progress, and

advocated a condition of things in which Christianity would be placed above the state. A state organization without a religious basis was, to him, but an accidental aggregate of rights, a kind of bulwark against the king, of everybody against all. The legislature must draw its inspiration, he contended, from the primitive source of all truth, and not from vague and changeable notions of humanity. His deriders he derided. But the contest was to be decided elsewhere.

The governmental structure of Frederic William IV., which that original princely pedant expected to become the external monument of his reign, crumbled into pieces under the shock of Feb., 1848. In a month the whole of Germany was revolutionized. The second united diet was convoked only to sanction a law of election for a truly national assembly. It could do nothing but legalize the rapid transition from the rudely overthrown past to the unknown future. Hope and anxiety pressed onward. The debates were short. Still Von Bismarck found opportunities to show that it was not without protesting that he yielded to the torrent, which seemed to engulf everything. On the close of the diet, he withdrew into rural retirement, not entirely suppressing his anti-revolutionary spite, and biding his time, while the popular assemblies of Germany wasted theirs in vain schemes and efforts, which partly neutralized each other, and the revolution, which found no leader, rapidly spent its force. Reaction was instinctively, if not concertedly, harmonious, and towards the close of the year it was almost everywhere triumphant.

Frederic William dissolved the national assembly by force of arms, and promulgated a new constitution by royal decree. A new assembly was convened, early in 1849, to revise and sanction it. Of this Von Bismarck became a member, and, as such, violently denounced the movements of the preceding year, called the revolutionary combatants rebels, and frankly declared that parliamentary debates could not decide between the contending and the entirely opposite principles of royalism and democracy, the one of which derives its right from divinely instituted authority, and the other from barricades, but that the God of battles was soon to cast the bloody dice between them. "Bravo!" answered the radical opposition, taking up the gauntlet. This boastful tone, however, was vain on both sides. The king had not the manliness openly to offer battle, the people were not prepared to accept such a challenge. Royalism and democracy preferred fighting each other with falsehoods. The real issue was delayed; and the final passage of arms has still to take place.

Von Bismarck found it an easy matter to ridicule the constitution for the whole of Germany elaborated by the Frankfort Parliament; his arguments on this point lacked neither wit nor force. Speaking of the imperial dignity offered by that assembly to Frederic William, he said: "The Frankfort crown may be very brilliant, but the gold which is to give truth to its brilliancy can be gained only by melting in the crown of Prussia, and I have no confidence in the success of such a melting experiment with the form of that constitution." He could not accept a constitution bearing on its brow the mark of popular sovereignty. The king could not exchange his free crown for one offered him as a fief.

Frederic William, the brother-in-law and admirer of Czar Nicholas, needed not much advice to reject a diadem presented to him by a revolutionary assembly, however dazzling it might have appeared to others. But he again lacked manliness to repudiate the idea of imperial dignity altogether. He hoped to receive it as a voluntary gift from the sovereigns of Germany. A ridiculous delusion, which was entirely destroyed only when its offspring, the North German Union, with the Three Kings' League, was laid into the common grave of the abortions of the time. Von Bismarck, who was also elected to the second of the two Prussian assemblies of 1849, as well as to the Erfurt Parliament in 1850, was too consistent in his hatred of the revolution to be deluded for a moment by political bubbles of this kind, and it was with an unfeigned delight that he saw them burst. He scouted the idea of German unity, spoke with the bitterest irony of the German tricolor, and with ostentatious rapture of the black-white old-Prussian ban-

ner, under which alone the army of his country was ready to die, as he to live. He gloried in everything Prussian, old-Prussian, and accepted even the nickname of *Stockpreuss*. And old-Prussian as he felt himself to be, he had no feeling for the humiliations of new-Prussia, when it bowed with Brandenburg before the dictates of the czar in Warsaw, and Manteuffel, in November, 1850, laid it prostrate before Francis Joseph in Olmütz. Union and League, Hesse and Holstein, were abandoned. It was all right. It was not the business of Prussia to play the Don Quixote all over Germany. The Schleswig-Holstein affair was a ludicrous *guerdle allemande*. A division of Germany into a northern and a southern half would place the balance in the hands of Russia and France.

Altogether, he represented the difficulties under which Prussia labored as almost voluntarily incurred by superfluous intermeddlings of an adventurous diplomacy on one side, and by cowardly concessions to the dictates of democracy and agrarianism on the other. The movements of 1848, according to him, partook more of a social than of a national character. The social element made the national important and dangerous. A Frederick the Great would have dealt quite differently with all these questions and complications. "He would, perhaps, have chosen," he added, with supreme frankness, "after breaking off connection with Frankfort, to ally himself with that old companion-in-arms, Austria, there to assume the brilliant part played by the Emperor of Russia, and, conjointly with Austria, to crush the revolution, or he might have preferred, on the rejection of the Frankfort imperial crown, to tell the Germans, by the same right with which he conquered Silesia, what was to be their constitution, and even at the risk of throwing his sword into the scale. This would have been a national Prussian policy!" In this we presume the speaker revealed what he understands by "high" policy; others may call it high-handed; but whether "specifically Prussian" and worthy of a Frederick the Great, or not, it certainly depends upon circumstances whether it be politic or not.

Von Bismarck thus slightly delineated his ideal of foreign policy; on other occasions he closely shadowed his future way of dealing with the vital question of the constitution of 1849, the budget. During the discussions, in the same year, on that royal charter, he spoke against making the legislature the sole disposer of the revenues of the state, especially as both legislative branches were to be vested with the right of voting on withholding the appropriations. Could not, he argued, both use the same right as a weapon for forcing upon the government their view of a certain measure, and in opposite directions? Supposing a dissolution of the second chamber to be without effect, what would the executive do in such a case? But apart from this, he was against making the legislative forum the center of gravity in the state. The English constitution could not serve as a model for Prussia. Where was in Prussia all that secured England from constant political revulsions, British religion and respect for the law, British landed proprietorship and public spirit? The crown was in aristocratic England the ornamental cupola of the state edifice, in Prussia it must be its supporting central pillar. These views, which were not adopted by the majority, Von Bismarck emphatically reiterated on other occasions, and in 1851, during the debate on Simson's resolution prohibiting the executive, whose proposed budget had not been passed, from making expenditures for the following fiscal year without the distinct consent of the chamber, he advocated the right of the executive to administer the finances according to the last legally established budget, as long as all the three branches of the government did not agree on new appropriations. The full bearing of this theory, which renders the executive almost entirely independent of the legislature, was, of course, manifest to the hearers of the speaker, but its historical importance was to be learned only on his becoming himself the leading spirit of the royal administration.

No less zealous than in the defense of the rights of the crown against the people Von Bismarck showed himself whenever opportunity offered in the defense of the rights of the nobility against both. But it was chiefly the discussion on the formation of the fi

chamber which afforded him an ample field for displaying his aristocratic views. He endeavored to prove from history that the duration of the power and glory of states was generally connected with the institution of a hereditary nobility, and that the decay of the continental states mostly dated from the time of the suppression by the crown of the independent aristocracy. England was happier than France for not having had a Richelieu. The character of the English revolution was liberty, of the French, equality. English liberty bore the character of a manly self-consciousness, which feels its own worth proudly enough to admit of a superior; French equality was the chimerical offspring of envy and avidity, which that gifted nation was chasing, in vain, through blood and folly. Prussia must not follow this example because it was popular. The Prussian nobility had its worth and merit. Its patriotism could not be doubted. The word *Junker*, now the nickname of Prussian nobles, he trusted, would in an early future become no less honored than the once opprobrious appellations Whig and Tory.

It cannot be wondered that a parliamentary championship like this, carried on with adequate talent and sparkling vivacity, made Von Bismarck the favorite of the aristocratic as well as court circles. But its importance diminished with the progress of the again and again repeated constitutional revision. The radical party abandoned the arena in disgust and despair. The old liberals alone continued a faint contest. The people grew indifferent. Reaction was victorious, but could not be proud of its work, nor trust in the future. The king languished in fatal apathy. Von Bismarck was now sent as Prussian ambassador to the Frankfort Bundestag, where he sometimes became conspicuous by his unfriendly bearing towards Austria. It was there that he is said to have first developed a scheme, later more earnestly pursued, of a Russo-Franco Prussian alliance, which, however, was not favorably received by the council of the king. The latter soon after becoming insane, his brother William assumed the reins of government as regent in 1858. This event seemed to mark a new epoch in the history of Prussia. With it began a new period in the political career of Otto von Bismarck.

REVIEWS.

MR. RUSKIN'S LECTURES.*

THE mystery which surrounds those familiar but still problematical characters, "S. T. 1860 X," which, for the last few years, have filled our newspapers and so vilely defaced our most romantic scenery, has doubtless caused many thousand more gallons of Mr. Drake's bitters to be drunk than if he had simply labeled his compound "rum and herb mixture." Can a sort of pious quackery have induced Mr. Ruskin to head his lectures with such blind titles as he has, in hopes of thereby leading more men to take his medicinal draught of good advice? We have failed to discover any deep meaning in these titles; and as it is, or, at least, seems to simple-minded people to be, the part of an author to enlighten, not to mystify, we are sorry to see Mr. Ruskin cut such a fantastic caper at the start; for, with the weak mortals who would be most benefited by his words, it places him at the same disadvantage as it would put a clergyman to turn a somerset before beginning service. But the title is a trifling matter, and hardly worth jesting about.

The subject of the first of these lectures is reading. There are few things, perhaps, on which we less exercise our consciences, and on which it would be better for us to exercise conscientious thinking, than on what we read and how we read; for, with persons of moderate intelligence and moderate leisure, the way in which they practically answer these questions determines whether they are scholars or otherwise. But not only do the bustle of our lives and the habit of reading newspapers indispose us to careful and thoughtful reading, but our very thirst for knowledge, and the consciousness of its vast extent, make us grudge the time we spend on any one book, and tempt us to forget that, in order to progress, our work, be it slow or fast, must be sure and faithful. And as to

what we should read, a popular superstition that all reading is good, and that we are virtuous enough if we but keep reading, and if only that reading be dull enough, prevents us from exercising that sharp discrimination in our choice of books which we should exercise. This notion that reading is in itself a virtue is a most prevalent heresy. As we see in a store the piles of papers and magazines which are swept off daily, and reflect how many acres of printed trash are daily read, and that within reach of every one of these readers lie the productions of the greatest minds that ever lived, it saddens us to think that so much leisure is so badly used, and that so much power of refinement and elevation is so wasted; and we are led to examine our ways, and to ask ourselves what and how we read. Those who have ever asked themselves this question will do well to read this lecture by Mr. Ruskin, and to read it carefully and earnestly, as it is written. To appreciate it we must read it sympathizingly, as Mr. Ruskin tells us we should read all good books; and on this book sympathy will not be wasted. Mr. Ruskin shows here, as elsewhere, great richness of thought, and we ought to remember his long and weary battle against all the odds of self-complacent ignorance if at any time we think his tone bitter or his words mistaken.

In the first part of the first lecture our author speaks of a common idea of education—forced on him by many letters from fathers and mothers—as a help "to advancement in life," which means, practically, "becoming conspicuous in life," and the little thought or care there is, or is even pretended to be, for real improvement. Yet there is some desire for improvement, and on that true basis he rests what he has to say. How are we to improve? The circle of our friends is necessarily limited, and we must enlarge it by the society of books. Of books there are two kinds—"the books of the hour, and the books of all time." These "books of the hour" it is fitting for us to read, in order to keep warm our sympathies with the present, and to direct our present efforts; but such is the amount and interest of transient literature now, that we must practice ourselves in habits of restraint, or we shall find our leisure entirely taken up with such reading. Were a man to put down in one column the time he spent in reading ephemeral matter, and in another that which he occupied in reading great authors, the record would probably be suggestive and humbling. To understand these great authors, we must truly desire "to be taught by them and to enter into their thoughts." We must read them "syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter." "The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy." "It is right that a false Latin accent should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English meaning should not excite a frown there." "Words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes." "There are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this, or that, or the other, of things dear to them." Who does not echo this who has read the history of wars, and of the less bloody but as bitter strifes of sects and parties, or who has tried to write, talk, or even think on theology, politics, or any moral or mental science? Yet how often do we hear men crying down the study of language, and asking, with a sneer, "what is it all but words?" Mr. Ruskin then advises all who mean to read in earnest to get dictionaries of the languages from which English is derived—"the Saxon, German, French, Latin, and Greek"—to learn the Greek alphabet, and then to follow out every suspicious word through its course to its root, having first read Müller's lectures on language. Such a habit would conduce most decidedly to thorough scholarship, and one who had the spirit to carry it out would find himself or herself improving very rapidly. Then follows an example of the careful method of reading, the author commenting on a passage from Lycidas in a very interesting manner.

Secondly, "Having faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make—you have to enter into their hearts. As you go to them first for

clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty passion." "We come, then, to that great concourse of the dead, not merely to know from them what is true, but chiefly to feel with them what is righteous. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains." He then says that the English nation are in no fit state to read; that their minds and hearts must be more finely and humanely tempered; that they despise literature, science, art, nature, and compassion. These are bitter words indeed, nor is their bitterness lessened by the truth that is in them. They are addressed to our English cousins, but we will let some other American cast the first stone. They deserve to be read carefully, and to be pondered thoughtfully.

The second lecture, entitled "Lilies," or "Of Queen's Gardens," treats of the sphere, the education, and the duties of women. It is plain that this is a subject which calls for all our fineness of insight, as well as for all our power of reasoning. After stating the absurdity of the position that woman's rights and duties can be considered without reference to man's, and the equally absurd idea that woman owes man "a thoughtless and servile obedience," our author says: "And now I must repeat one thing I said in my last lecture, namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly was to go to them for help; to appeal to them when our knowledge and power of thought failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception, than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion." This is, indeed, a delightful and suggestive thought. It gives us a hint for reading the "masters of our souls" with a fresh and vital interest. Mr. Ruskin does not follow it out at great length, but speaks briefly of Shakespeare's heroines, and Scott's, and of the chivalric, Italian, and Greek ideal of woman, and he finds that the great poets and romancers, and the finest spirits of every age, have agreed in this,—that the perfect woman should be the wise guide and unerring counselor of man; that while he, in his struggle in the world, becomes inevitably hardened, while his conscience is darkened by doubts and dangers, and his hope fails, and his heart grows weary, she, in the quiet of her home, keeps ever fresh the bloom and beauty of her spirit; keeps the eye of conscience clear, and her affections warm and constant, and is thus in truth a helpmeet to him, fitted "to warn, to comfort, to command." In her character strength, courage, and purpose are to be joined to tenderness and sensibility, and it is her part to shed a gentle and a radiant influence over her home and all who meet her. This, of course, does not apply very well to the case of those women who have to support themselves, nor does it attempt at all to settle the questions of woman's labor and her legal rights—a field which Mr. Ruskin does not enter upon—but it is addressed to all who are happy in the possession of a home.

But how is this ideal to be realized? How is this strength of character to be infused, these affections to be kept warm, these benign and beautiful joys to be obtained? For so fair a flower are needed the kindest soil and the happiest and most beneficent influences. Physical freedom and the freedom of the heart, "vital feelings of delight," must give her grace and beauty. Then, as she grows in strength, she should receive the education of books. What our author says of women's studies it would be well also for men to consider if they wish to be true scholars and not pedants. The girl should study truly. She should use books of science and history, not so much to store her mind with "information" as to refine and discipline her feelings and her thoughts and conscience. She should study at least one science to its roots to learn humility, and become conscious of the limitations of human knowledge. She should study serious subjects earlier, if anything, than boys, to temper to perfectness her natural gayety and wit. This subject of woman's studies is excellently treated, and there are many passages practically suggestive to women or men. The modern novel and magazine are to be kept out of the girl's way, but she should have free range among good and classic books, and be al-

* "Sesame and Lilies." Two lectures delivered at Manchester in 1864 by John Ruskin, M.A. New York: John Wiley & Son, 1866. Pp. 119.

owed to choose for herself. In art she should have "the finest models—that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefulest." "And not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach them also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being. Do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know there is hardly a school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door?" Let her have these "noble teachers," and give her, too, "the help of wild and fair nature."

And now, having considered her sphere, and her preparation for that sphere, we come to the final question, What are her public duties? for she has public as well as private duties. Her public duties are found in the expansion of her home duties, as a man's of his. As a man's work in his home is "to secure its maintenance, progress, and defence," so is he called upon to do the same duties to the state; and as it is the woman's work at home "to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness," so is she to act in the larger household of the state, "where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare." And to the love of the heart she must add the love of power—of power to bless and aid and teach all those around her, and then will she be a true queen, reigning in all hearts.

We have drawn a very scanty outline of these lectures, but we hope that the taste of them which we have given our readers will lead them to the fountain itself. If there is one thing on which we need teaching and enlightenment, it is on the education of girls and women, and it is well for us when we can find a teacher of such earnestness as well as of such power of insight and breadth of view as Mr. Ruskin is. How false is the general idea of what a girl's education should be, and what more painful sight is there than one of our boarding-schools, with its horribly frivolous propriety! In these days of quick education, when we see advertisements of schools and colleges engaging to fit "all necessary education" into any one at the shortest notice, words like these before us are needed to keep us to faithfulness of work. Against the strong tendencies of present events to absorb us in their current, and to cheat us by their constant motion into the belief that we are living actively and well, we want such strong reminders as this book that to live we must have a staple root in truth and knowledge. Against the tendencies of our scientific and (so-called) practical education, we need such hearty human teaching as we have here.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Mr. Ruskin's style. His rhetoric is of pure gold, as superior to its brazen counterfeit, on the one hand, as it is to that dried-grain form of mental sustenance with which serious writers—even the good ones—generally feed us, and which it is so hard for us, unless we are in habits of the strongest mental exercise, to digest. The luxuriance of his language is natural; his words grow like leaves on a living tree, and are not stuck on for effect. They are full of strength as well as of beauty. We cannot too much thank Mr. Ruskin for having chosen such subjects for his lectures, and for having treated them so well. A. E. K.

JEAN PAUL'S HESPERUS.*

THE readers of Jean Paul are divided by a clear line of demarcation into those who admire and those who do not. Richter made it a subject of complaint in his own day. He got nothing but adulation from the one side, and emphatic denunciation from the other. He was wise enough to think that he neither deserved too much of this, nor altogether that. This temperance is, in good truth, precisely the position which one, seeking a just appreciation, would like to find for himself. That few do find it,

argues, we can but think, something inherently wrong in the man and his productions. The eulogists of Richter are almost always those who are enchanted by the glare of his style, and a little too much dazed by it to see clearly. They are the parallels of those who in gustatory habits would prefer to dine on comfits and tit-bits. The other party correspond to such as depend on the main courses of a well-ordered dinner, and come upon the dessert as something that they have no hunger for, but to be eaten for the sake of toning the stomach. A good cook knows the appetizing influence of an alluring garnish for his dishes; so does a good writer. He deems it of great importance that his style should be attractive. There is no style so bad as the tedious, it is said; but he equally knows, with the good cook, that garnish cannot do all, and that a meal of sweetmeats and ornaments is only relished by a depraved stomach. It is, of course, the proper combination and the fit relationship of these complementary qualities of a feast—whether for the palate or the reason—that marks the proficient in the respective arts. There are no so tiresome books for continuous reading as a jest-book or the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Wit is not fused but lies loose in the one, and learning is not component but external in the other. Books must be well shaken, like medicines, before they can do their good. Unless the fusing process has gone on in the author's brain before the writing is made, there will always be sediments that fail to fill their functions.

That Richter's books are of this description even his admirers will admit. They always tell the neophyte that he must be trustful and not disheartened by any transient disgust; that he will find everything at war with his preconceived notions of literary propriety; that what he had considered the accumulated results of centuries of criticism will be found disregarded for a new sphere of license. Franz Horn tells him that Jean Paul is raised above all fashion. Carlyle affirms that Richter himself neither was, nor wished to be thought, a man who wrote or thought in the track of other men. There is but one alternative arising from such pretensions. Is the new track a better one than the old? We are certainly of the opinion, no. Why, then, should it be pursued? The admirers answer, because it is Richter's way; he is Jean Paul the Unique. Very well (is the reply), in mad-houses they have processes of thought quite different from that in favor of them, and shall we cease to eradicate such peculiarities because it is in the nature of madmen to think themselves spinning-wheels and tom-tits? The reason for Jean Paul's books being such as they are, namely, that they are like him, who is the least impersonal of writers, seems to us no excuse for them. It only leads us to dislike him, because we dislike his books. Gervinus, leading the modern reaction against Richter in Germany, says that Jean Paul seemed to forget that writing is an art and is only to be distinguished from mere conversational spontaneity by its deliberate process, which should leave traces of finish. Freshness, raciness, and all such qualities as come from an original mind will not be obliterated, but only tuned into harmony, by passing the thoughts, as they come, through the crucibles of art. Without this fusion the result is mannerism, and Richter is the prince of mannerists.

He was himself aware of his peculiarities. He consistently speaks of his style as full of "conceits and poetical tulips." The word was exact. There are those whose style is like a bed of roses, sickening in its aggregated sweetness, but chaste and softened in tone to the eye. It is not thus with Jean Paul. With him it is garish, prismatic, scentless bewilderment. Take away the flowers from the tulip bed and you have mere stalks. Take away the roses and you still may have the wild entanglement of a beautiful bush. Richter understood fully how much he should lose translated into mere straightforward thought. Remove my ornament, he says, and there will be little left but the binding of my book and the list of errata. We might as well expect a serviceable carpet that had no backing given it in the loom.

One would think that it were the most charitable construction to put upon such an erratic mind, to say that it was the sport of affectation; but there is no

charge that touches his admirers so sensibly. They claim the term requires a foundation of falsehood, and that Richter's gyrations were only a subserviency to his own nature. If it were not disproved on general grounds, we think that it is fully proven that this condition of mind was not a normal one with him, and only attained to by persistence in that line. It happens that we have a schoolboy production of his, entitled "The Practice of Thinking," the earliest of his writings, where, left to himself, and unformed by constraints of habit, he wrote a clear, concise, and simple style; and long afterwards, when he wrote his "Levana," having a definite thing to say, and knowing that its value consisted in its being intelligible, he returned to his early simplicity of style. He ought to have profited by the reception it got, for it was the most successful of his books. In due deference to all who have defended him from the charge, we must still think Richter was a monster aggregation of affected ways. Mrs. Siddons stabbed the potatoes, but it was from long habits of study in the tragic vein. It was an affectation in her, doubtless; unconscious it probably was; but if called to her attention, she would have seen she was acting as she often had been. It was not natural for her to stab potatoes, but it became a habit, and habits are sometimes affectation. In this way it became Jean Paul's habit to write in cat's cradles and snarls; he might have called for his coffee in the same style; but we can hardly think he would ever have done so but through long devotion to such a habit. This way became perhaps irremediable, unless, as in the case of his treatise on education, he had a distinct central thought to impart, and needed all the directness he was master of to attain his end. He acknowledges fairly, "I cannot even lay aside my faults, while I condemn them," and does not dispute that his books are like a certain kind of bird—the penguin—with shining feathers, but little naked wings.

It is, perhaps, singular that such a writer could attain any commercial value among the booksellers. His worth in this way has long been decreasing in Germany, and apparently, from the repeated installments that the present publishers give us, increasing with us. Indeed, Mr. Brooks, in his preface, says he seems to see signs that Jean Paul is to be better and better understood and appreciated among us in this free and forming western world. The signs may fail, but we should not like to risk a positive prophecy. When Carlyle first gave the English a taste of this strange genius in his "German Romance," he tells us the prediction on all hands was that a universal condemnation only awaited the new Teutonic romancer. The result has not been so. He has been called everything bad that is apposite to literary characteristics; yet he is perhaps more cared for out of Germany to-day than ever before. We cannot think, however, that the pleasure will last. So, again, when Madame de Staël first introduced him to the reading world outside the Fatherland, Sir James Mackintosh, in reviewing his book, pronounced him too national to bear translation. To answer such a prediction we point to Carlyle's versions, and to the "Titan" and "Hesperus" of Mr. Brooks, who had before attempted a difficult task of translation in rendering into corresponding meters the Faust of Goethe. That he did that well is not saying too much; but he worked in shackles, though of his own imposing. The facility of double-rhyming in German is not equaled in English, and the consequence was, in many places, too great a sacrifice to the requirements of metrical correspondence. His scheme in translating Richter has not been so confined as Carlyle's. He has put the vagaries of thought and expression into as nearly the same connection as a decent regard for idiomatic English would permit. Carlyle did not restrict himself so much. His rendering of the "Quintus Fixlein" and "Schmelzle's Journey" are more or less uncouth in many parts by a too close adhesion to the German literary libertinism. Perhaps Carlyle's way is as good as any, if we may say so without being deemed satirical. When we don't understand enough of Richter *à la* Brooks to make the reading pleasant, we are only puzzled; whereas if we had him before us *à la* Carlyle, the incoherence and maudlin rhapsody might be so absurd that we could have a laugh at least.

J. W.

* "Hesperus; or, Forty-five Dog-Post-Days." A Biography from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, translated by Chas. T. Brooks. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Artemus Ward: His Travels.*" With Comic Illustrations by Mullen. New York: Carleton.

We are sorry not to have found this volume so good as Mr. Brown's former books, and regret the fact particularly because he has here given his humor the advantages at times of correct orthography, and has made the attempt to affect his readers by his undoubtedly genuine gift of fun more directly than where he tries to move them through drolleries of misspelling. It was the test to which we longed to have him bring his humor; but though we cannot say he has failed to sustain it, we must confess that we think the ill-spelt part of his volume is the best part. We have read the whole book through with a certain relish and amusement, and yet with the melancholy of disappointment.

We are disposed, however, to regard Mr. Brown's comicalities as, perhaps, the best expression of that somewhat intangible national property known as American humor, and do not think this collection will affect his reputation unfavorably, though it will scarcely add to it. It is full of quaintness and that sort of surprise produced by the harmony of utterly impossible events and language with utterly impossible conditions. Under the author's hand, a showman, who could never have existed anywhere, actually becomes a type of character by which we recognize well-known traits of a class which does exist; as Mr. Micawber, though an extravagance and impossibility, is the best possible type of a good-natured, helpless, luckless, sanguine, sentimental order of men, and as Jeems Yellowplush, the most inconceivable of footmen, is come to stand for ever as comprehending all footman-like qualities. Artemus Ward lives for us, and Baldensville may be visited by anybody.

The first half only of the present volume is given to the showman, but, as we said, it is much better than the last part, which is given to Mr. Brown. This gentleman, most unhappily for his reader, was put on his good-behavior among the Mormons, and his talk concerning them, though racy and amusing, is constantly held in check by honorable remembrance of hospitality and courtesy received. We miss, therefore, the lawlessness of the author's peculiar fun; and are scarcely compensated by the extravagance and absurdity of the Mormon romance. Mr. Brown has reached that point in the humorist's career when he cannot afford to be just to his sense of truth without doing injustice to his sense of humor; the result is unfortunate, but doubtless inevitable. That he should have added to the heaviness of his relations concerning Mormonism the dreariness of Joe Smith's Revelation of the doctrine of polygamy is surprising, to say the least. The descriptions of Californian life and of the ride over the plains are also rather tame.

Much of the showman's absurdity, grotesque shrewdness, and unconsciously rascally support of morality as a rule of business, is as diverting as ever. But, as we say, it lacks the perfection of humor visible in the earlier productions of this sort. There is more disposition to take refuge in the quaint use of slang and of quotation and expression which have become slangy, and less trust to effects of pure humor; and we think Mr. Brown's residence in the metropolis has not improved the quality of his showman's wit. Bohemia's influences and easily acquired manner should never have been permitted to taint the thought and style of the great moral showman.

Will he ever again produce a melodramatic effect like that of a canal boat's escape from pirates by the exposure of a peck of oats on the path before the pirate's horses? At least, if Artemus Ward never says another good thing, let us remember the remarkable genius which could utter that matchless absurdity, in which the fancy drifts round and round under a spell of perfectly delicious unreason: "It 'ud been more 'n ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he'd never been born."

"*Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery as it should be.*" T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. 1865. Pp. 362.

The young wife about to assume the position of housekeeper cannot complain for lack of advice as to how to discharge her duties, for hardly a year passes but at least a half dozen books on cookery fall from the American press, each claiming superiority over its

predecessors. The volume before us is the latest addition to the list. Its compiler, we learn from the publishers' preface, is "the justly celebrated Mrs. Goodfellow, who was for many years in Philadelphia pre-eminent in the art of cooking." We count ourselves unfortunate in never having heard of Mrs. Goodfellow, but are content to acknowledge her celebrity in the City of Brotherly Love on the strength of the statement which we have quoted. There are, doubtless, mute, inglorious cooks as well as Miltons, and because one's pre-eminence has not traveled far and wide, it by no means follows that the pre-eminence is a myth. This book contains over eight hundred recipes, nearly all of which pertain to dishes that every good housekeeper is likely to have on her table at some time or other. Most of them, too, have the merit of being simple, requiring the use of such ingredients only as ordinary people are in the habit of using. This is commendable, the more because of late years it has been the fashion to fill such books with recipes which could never be used except by cooks in hotels and epicurean restaurants, and which were interlarded with French words that only a good scholar could interpret. On the other hand, the contents are not well arranged. We strongly suspect that Mrs. Goodfellow, during "the many years that she was pre-eminent in the art of cooking," devoted her spare moments to clipping recipes from country journals and agricultural papers, and subsequently reproduced them in a more permanent form. The book is very poorly gotten up; the paper, binding, typography, and illustrations being of the cheapest order. Its appearance is positively repulsive.

In these days of high prices there is needed a work on cookery which shall not be a mere compilation of recipes gathered from the ends of the earth, but shall embrace other matters as well. There are many persons of moderate means who know well enough what constitutes a good meal and how to provide it, but are without the means to gratify their tastes. What they need is instruction in the economy of cookery. The French understand this better. They serve up many very toothsome dishes composed of materials which the people in this country ignorantly throw away as if they were not fit for eating, whereas they are really wholesome. A thorough book of instruction on cooking should contain information on this important point; and to this might be added a bill of fare for a day, showing the cost of each meal. Experience, of course, is the great teacher of every housekeeper, but there are hints that might be given to beginners that would prove very useful. When a book containing such hints shall appear, it will receive a hearty welcome and gain an extensive circulation.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE next best thing to having the complete works of an author, and a complete collection of authors in special departments of literature, is to have a good selection from his and their works—a selection that shall possess the double advantage of exhibiting their most marked qualities, and of doing justice to them, singly and in mass. Of course no mere selection can do an author of magnitude justice, but an excellent one may approximate toward it; for minor writers, selections often show their talents to more advantage than a complete collection of their works. The best dramatic collection with which we are acquainted is the well-known "Specimens" of Charles Lamb—a work which has held its own for over fifty years, and is likely to hold it for as many more, so excellent are its selections from the old dramatists, and so unique are its criticisms, even the smallest. Of a similar nature to this is a volume just published by Prof. John W. S. Hows, and entitled "Golden Leaves from the British and American Dramatic Poets." Prof. Hows commences, like Lamb, with the earliest known specimen of English tragedy, the "Ferreus and Porrex" of Lord Buckhurst and Thomas Norton, from which he passes to Kyd, Marlowe, and the rest of the Elizabethan dramatists. As his work embraces a much longer period of time than Lamb's, which, even in the continuation contributed to Hone's "Table-Book," and which, by the way, has never been included in the American reprint, scarcely covers the latest writers of the time of Charles the Second, he has drawn but sparingly from the early master spirits, omitting Lodge, Peele, Greene, and others entirely. This is to be regretted, or rather would be if most of us had not

Lamb's volume on our shelves. Shakespeare and Jonson reached, the extracts from their contemporaries become more copious—as full, indeed, in most cases, as the limits of Prof. Hows' volume would allow. We have the best scenes from Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," and Ford's "Broken Heart" and "Lover's Melancholy;" some twenty or more pages from Dryden, including the great interview between Marc Antony and Ventidius, in "All for Love;" ten or twelve pages each from Rowe and Addison, and as many more from Thomson. The nineteenth century is well but not exhaustively represented—Coleridge having about ten pages allowed him and Byron the same number. The extract from Barry Cornwall's "Mirandola," hardly a page in length, is utterly inadequate to his claims, as is also that from the "Bride's Tragedy" of Thomas Lowell Beddoes, noble dramatic poets both, writing in the very spirit of the old masters. The latter is especially magnificent. The American dramatists—an almost mythical race—appear to considerable advantage, the earliest quoted from, the late John Howard Payne, in the conclusion of his not very Roman tragedy of "Brutus;" Mr. N. P. Willis, in scenes from "Bianca Visconti" and "Tortess;" Mr. Epes Sargent, in extracts from his tragedy of "Velasco;" Mr. Cornelius Mathews, from his singular play of "Witchcraft;" Mrs. Ritchie, from her romantic drama of "Armand;" and Mr. George H. Boker, in his three plays, "The Betrothal," "Calaynos," and "Francesca da Rimini." The selections from the latter place him, we think, at the head of the dramatic poets of America, and in the front rank of the best dramatic poets of the time.

Messrs. Bunce & Huntington are the publishers of Professor Hows' volume, which is handsomely gotten up, uniform with their popular series of "Golden Leaves," of which it is the third issue.

One of the daintiest of forthcoming volumes is an illustrated edition of "Esop's Fables," from the press of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, who have had it in preparation for a year past. Its specialty is the engravings, of which there are one hundred and eleven, from designs by Herrick. The majority of these consist of beasts and birds, and are among the best things of the kind, if, indeed, they are not the best, ever attempted in this country—graceful in conception, with an element of the characteristic in the most successful ones. As specimens of delicate workmanship in wood, and of exquisite printing, we know of nothing superior to them, except, perhaps, the engravings of fish, etc., in one of Major's editions of "The Compleat Angler," the fourth, if our memory serves us. One fault we must find, however, and that is the omission of initials before the name of the artist. We know who Shakespeare was, and who Tennyson is, but we must confess our ignorance of Herrick, who can hardly be our old friend Robert, of "The Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers." Give us his initials in future, Messrs. Publishers, since his work is likely to do him credit.

That an index is considered indispensable to every work of importance now-a-days is a fact which we should never have questioned but for the omission of one by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. in their reprint of Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," which, in every other respect, appears to be a fac-simile of the English edition, in which, of course, it occurs. We notice this omission, which may have been merely an oversight on their part, to enable them to supply it at once, and so render their reprint complete, which it certainly is not at present.

FOREIGN.

THE "Life of Steele," by Mr. H. B. Montgomery, which we announced a week or two since, has made its appearance, in two volumes of between three and four hundred pages each, and not much to the satisfaction of the critics, who find little in it to commend, and nothing that is new. Mr. Montgomery draws all his materials from printed books, most of which are easily accessible, and the anecdotes which he relates of Steele's contemporaries are the commonest facts of literary history. "The people who are introduced," says one of Mr. Montgomery's critics, "are introduced on the slightest pretext. A casual allusion to a name, or its occurrence in correspondence, will evoke its former owner and trot him through a dozen pages. The author has failed to give us an intelligible picture of the age, but instead thereof offers disconnected memoirs and world-famous anecdotes. We have the old story of the loves of the great Dean, and are told, in the words often employed before, how one day Swift, entering the room where Vanessa was sitting, 'with that terrible look which he assumed when angry, flung down a packet on the table and strode out without uttering a word;' how that when 'Gulliver's Travels' appeared a master of a vessel said 'he knew Gulliver well, but that he lived at Wapping, and not at Rotherhithe;' how King William taught the famous Irish parson to eat as

paragus. Once again, we read in these volumes the fate of the unfortunate Budgell, and have Pope's stinging lines on the event; of the quarrel between Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; of how Wycherley made acquaintance with the Duchess of Cleveland, and of his marriage with the Countess of Drogheda; of Congreve's friendship with the Duchess of Marlborough, and the fantastic way in which her grace, after the death of the poet, is said to have preserved his memory by inviting to her table, as a constant guest, 'an automaton model of him in ivory,' and of scores of similar stories, as well known to ordinary readers as the Nelson column to the porter at Northumberland House."

The most interesting portion of Mr. Montgomery's biography is that which relates to Steele's married life, the materials upon which it is based—a series of letters to his wife, the originals of which are in the British Museum—having been published by Nichols as far back as 1809. They are among the shortest letters in existence, the writer being always in a hurry, and nearly always excusing himself for some conjugal dereliction or other, now his delay in joining his charming Prue, and now his inability to satisfy her demands for money. He seems to have been in a state of chronic impecuniosity and generally an hour or two behind his time at home. It looks, too, as if he was henpecked by his "lady intellectual." Perhaps Lady Steele was in the habit of coming to the tavern for him herself when his stay was unusually prolonged. "Do not send after me," he writes; "I shall be ridiculous." When she went to Carmarthen, leaving him in charge of a daughter who had the small-pox, he wrote her: "We had not, when you left us, an inch of candle, a pound of coal, or a bit of meat left in the house; but we do not want now." Once or twice, when money was in question, the poor fellow was badgered out of his constitutional good temper. "In the name of God," he exclaimed, "have done with talk of money!" In his next note he was on his knees, figuratively speaking, writing to his wife to come to Somerset Stairs, or to take a coach and come to his lodgings, requesting her, at the same time, to "look a little dressed" or everybody will be entertained but the entertained." But let us give two or three of these unique epistles entire:

"DEVIL TAVERN, TEMPLE BAR, Jan. 3d., 1707-S.

"DEAR PRUE,—I have partly succeeded in my business to day, and inclose two guineas as an earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish after your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

"Your faithful husband,
"RICH. STEELE.

"Send me word you have received this."

"ELEVEN AT NIGHT, Jan. 5th, 1707-S.

"DEAR PRUE,—I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since, meeting me as he came from Mr. Lambert's. I will come within a pint of wine. We drink your health, and Mr. Griffith is your servant.

"RICH. STEELE."

"DEAR PRUE,—I shall be at the office exactly at seven, in hopes of seeing the beautifullest object that can present itself to my eyes—your fair self. Pray be well dressed.

"Your obedient servant, and affectionate husband,
"RICH. STEELE.

"We shall stay in town."

"August 30th, 1708.

"DEAR PRUE,—I sent £10 by the afternoon coach of Saturday, and hope you received it safe. The manner in which you write to me, might, perhaps, to another, look like neglect and want of love; but I will not understand it so, and take it to be only the uneasiness of a doating fondness which cannot bear my absence without disdain.

"I hope we shall never be long asunder more, for it is not in your power to make me other than your affectionate, faithful, and tender husband,

"RICH. STEELE."

Such letters as these, we conceive—only much sadder and soberer—passed between Albert Dürer and his wife, who, like Lady Steele, was a little too exacting with her good man. Mistress Anne Shakespeare (*née* Hathaway) may have received similar ones during the dramatic apprenticeship of her "many-minded" boy-husband in London. Such letters Robert Burns probably wrote to his "bonny Jean" in her dark days; and certainly such were written, as in his blood, by poor John Clare. Truly Wordsworth was right when he said,

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof cometh in the end despondency and madness."

If poor Dick Steele bore all this, as we have reason to think he did, with good humor and patient resignation, he was worthy to have sat for the portrait of one of the brightest of his characters—*The Christian Hero*.

The sacredness surrounding the bones of Shakespeare,

which have remained inviolate in their resting place in the chancel of Stratford church, guarded, it would seem, by the quaint old curse which he imprecated upon whoever should disturb them, has not attached itself to the mortal remains of Dante, which have been as much disturbed since his death as he himself was in his life. The little that is known, or rather conjectured, in reference to their migrations, is set forth in a late number of the *Athenæum* by Dr. H. C. Barlow, a Dante scholar, who states the decision arrived at by the Commission appointed by the Italian Government to inquire into the matter, and to verify, if possible, their recent supposed discovery at Ravenna. The examination of the bones showed, he says, that they had belonged to a robust adult male of an advanced stage of manhood. They were of a darkish red color, approaching to black, the tint which human skeletons acquire when they have been entombed for some time in metal, marble, or wood. The substance of the bones was, in general, not obviously altered. Only in some of the round-headed articulations, at the extremities of certain long bones, and in the thin, delicate plates of several of the internal bones of the head, were there any alterations or appearances of injury from time, moisture, or mechanical causes. The grave-worms had spared them. A description of the skeleton follows, but in such scientific language as to be unintelligible to ordinary readers. What is of most interest to them is the fact that two phalanges of the hands and one of a foot, found in the marble urn in which Dante was originally buried, agreed exactly in form and color with those found in the wooden box, so that there was no manner of doubt about their belonging to the same individual. The mask of Dante, believed to have been taken from his face after death, and which the Marquis Torregiani bequeathed to the Royal Gallery of Florence, on being applied to the bony skeleton, showed a most precise correspondence. The head was finely formed, and, as the remains of the poet lay in state on Sunday, the 25th of June, within the glass urn, under the chapel of Braccioforte, previous to their interment on the following day in the marble urn from whence they had been so secretly abstracted, the cranium, which was slightly raised, showed, by its ample and exquisite form, that it had held the brain of no ordinary man. "It was the most intellectually-developed head," says Dr. Barlow, "that I ever remember to have seen."

The following are the latest additions to Dante literature: Ancona, A., la Beatrice di Dante. Studio (49 p. 4.) Pisa. Bibliografia Dantea, ossia Catalogo delle Edizioni, Tradizioni e Commenti della Divina Commedia in Continuazione dell' Opera del Visconte Colomb De Batines per Opera di Carlo Gargioli e Gaetano Glivizani, aggiuntovi la Serie delle Vite di Dante con una breve Notizia dei Biografi e un Indice alfabetico di tutti i Nomi degli Autori tanto citati nell' Opera del Batinesche nella Continuazione Bologna;—Codici di Dante Alighieri in Venezia, Illustrazioni storico-letterarie di Nicolò Barozzi, Rinaldo Fulin e Francesco Gregoretti pubblicati a Spese della Città di Venezia per celebrare il Sesto Centenario della Nascita di Dante, Venezia;—Dante e Padova: Studi storici critici di Andrea Gloria, Enrico Salvagnini, Giuseppe della Vedova, Pietro Selvatico, Emilio Morpurgo, Giuseppe de Leva, Giacomo Zanella, Antonio Tolomei, Domenico Barbaran. Pubblicati per il Sesto Centenario di Dante Alighieri, Padova;—Gualandri, Ang., Giacomo Dalla Lana Bolognese, primo commentatore della Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri; notizie biografiche con documenti;—and Perez, Franc., la Beatrice Svelata. Preparazione all' Intelligenza di tutte le Opere di Dante. Palermo.

M. Durande relates a capital anecdote of Charles Verne, in his recently published memoir of that brilliant French artist. "He had begun (says M. Durande) a picture for the Duc de Berri; but, as he was very indolent, he made slow progress. The prince came to his studio from time to time, and was astonished that the canvas was so little covered. There was only a cottage in the right corner, and on every visit the duke found it in precisely the same state. After long months of expectation, he began to be impatient, and begged the artist to fix a time at which his picture should be ready. 'I am at work,' said Charles. 'But you are always at the same point. You have done nothing yet save yonder hovel.' 'Oh, your highness has no idea of the trouble which that house—a mere nothing as it seems—has given me. I have thought that I should have come to an end with the chimney.' 'And why, pray?' 'It smoked, Monseigneur.'"

A posthumous work by the late Sir Lascelles Wraxall, "Scraps and Sketches," contains a few facts about Baden-Baden, *apropos* of the passion for gambling: "One gentleman at Baden-Baden, a Russian, was so elated after an unparalleled run of good fortune, that he went out and

ordered a glorious feed for himself and friends at the restaurant; but during the interval while dinner was preparing, he thought he would go back and win a little more. His good fortune, however, had deserted him, and he lost not only all his winnings, but every florin he was possessed of, so he was compelled to countermand the dinner. On the arrival of his remittances, determined not to be balked of his repast this time by want of funds, he paid for a spread for twelve beforehand; but his luck was very bad, and he actually went back to the restaurateur, and, after some negotiation, sold him the dinner back at half-price. The money he received was, of course, very speedily lost. Another, a student of Heidelberg, won at a sitting 970 florins, but disdaining to retire without a round thousand, he tempted fortune too long and lost it all back as well as his own money. The most absurd thing was, that not having any friends in Baden, he was driven to return 'per pedes' to his university, a distance of more than 100 miles."

The same work gives us a glimpse of Goethe, as he appeared to the Prussian military prigs of his early years: "As a delicious intermezzo, we may remark that Goethe, who had come to the Prussian headquarters as a commissary for Weimar,—a tall, handsome man, always dressed in a court suit, powdered, with a hair-bag and dress-sword, who looked like a minister—was only a 'fellow' in the sight of the old Prussian Junkers. An old corpulent major, who marched with his battalion into Weimar, joined a party at a wine-house. A young officer asked him whether he had good quarters. 'Well, well, decent. I am with one Goethe or Gothe—deuce take me if I know the fellow's name.' 'Ah, it must be the celebrated Götthe.' 'It may be so; yes, it may be. I felt the fellow's teeth, and he seems to me to have flies in his head.'"

Similar to this is the story of the military man who passed through Weimar at the time of Goethe's funeral, and said afterwards, "A certain Herr von Goethe was being buried. They really made as much noise about it as if he had been a major!"

PERSONAL.

MRS. R. H. STODDARD has a new novel in the press, called "Two Men"—a suggestive and dramatic title which piques one's curiosity in advance. The scene is said to be laid in New England, a section of country with which Mrs. Stoddard is familiar, and the actors are such as belong to that locality—exceptional, perhaps, in their individuality, but still "native, to the manor born." Few readers of American fiction can have forgotten her first novel, "The Morgesons," which was published some three or four years since, and which added materially to the reputation she had already won as a writer of stories. By no means a perfect work—in the opinion of some a very faulty one—it attracted more attention than any novel of the season, and was allowed on all sides to show as much genius as power. For fidelity to the localities described, and as a delineation of certain phases of American life and manners, it was pronounced without an equal, the best critics comparing the writer with Balzac and Hawthorne, the two great modern masters of fictitious detail and analysis. "Two Men" is said to be superior to "The Morgesons," the plot being more compact and the characters fewer and more elaborately drawn. It will be published at once.

Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, is at present in this city, where, we believe, it is his intention to give one or more public readings of his own poetry. His *pièce de résistance* is understood to be "Sheridan's Ride," a spirited but uneven production, capable of great elocutionary effect.

The *Reader* is not complimentary to Prof. Vincenzo Bottà in the matter of his recent volume on Dante. "If we except the paper and typography," it says, "nothing about it is worthy of commendation. The greater portion of its contents have either appeared in preceding volumes, or is simply the repetition, in different words, of what others have written. Paragraph after paragraph is quoted from Dr. Barlow's 'Critical, Historical, and Philosophical Contributions to the Study of the Divina Commedia.' The extracts are all noteworthy; but we cannot admit the propriety of publishing a volume of good extracts. Where Signor Bottà is original, he is dull and uninteresting. When he is not commonplace, he is dogmatic. He either shirks the questions which have puzzled all commentators, or else he resolves them in a vague manner which will satisfy no one."

The author of "Major Jack Downing, of the Downingsville Militia," does not fare as well in England as some of his younger and more humorous brethren who have enjoyed the honor of a reprint. "His fun," says one of his critics, "is rather heavy, and some

of his anecdotes are of venerable antiquity. He lacks the audacity of nonsense which forces us, *malgré nous*, to laugh so frequently in reading the showman's speculations. The basis of his humor, such as it is, lies in presenting lofty subjects in an ultra-familiar form; and other American writers have done this in a more striking and characteristic manner. Upon the whole," he concludes, "we do not wish to see many more of these books. Bad spelling and bad English cannot make a Sam Slick, any more than unequal verses and forced rhymes can make an Ingoldsby."

Mr. T. Mitchell, attaché to the British Embassy to Russia, has lately published, in Murray's popular series of "Hand-books," an entirely new "Hand-book for Poland, Russia, and Finland."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. HURD & Houghton have in the press "Shakespeare's Mental Photographs: A Book for the Fireside;" "Poems of Faith and Affection," by Mrs. W. H. Millburn; "Life in Venice," by W. D. Howells; and "Mr. Ambrose's Letters on the Rebellion," by John P. Kennedy.

Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, announce "Songs of Praise and Poems of Devotion of the Christian Centuries. With an Introduction by Henry Coppée, Professor of English literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Illustrated with sixty steel engravings, printed on the page with the letter-press. One volume, royal octavo."

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, will soon publish a "Manual of Orchid Culture," by Edward Sprague Rand, Jr.

FOREIGN.

MR. CUTHBERT BEDE, chiefly known as the author of "Verdant Green," has a new work in the press, entitled "The Rook's Garden."

Mr. John Hill Burton, author of "The Book Hunter," etc., will shortly publish "The History of Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688."

Mr. David Page, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., has nearly ready a volume entitled "Geology for General Readers."

Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley, the translator of the "Odyssey," has in press a translation of the "Iliad," in the Spenserian stanza.

Miss Matilda M. Hayes, the translator of George Sand, will soon publish an original novel, "Adrienne Hope."

The Rev. J. G. Wood has nearly ready two works relating to his special line of studies, "Common Shells of the Sea-shore," and "Household Books: Country and Sea-side Library."

The second volume of "L'Histoire de Jules César," by His Majesty Napoleon III., is being set up at the imperial printing office. About one-half the volume is said to be already in type.

The Société des Bibliophiles Belges is about to publish a version of the romance of "Perceval le Gallois," by Christian de Troyes, from a MS. in the public library of that city. It will form four octavo volumes, the first of which is nearly ready.

M. Renan's "Les Apôtres" will be published during the present month, and his "St. Paul" a month later.

Miss Emmeline Lott, formerly governess to Ibrahim Pacha, has in press two volumes on "Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople."

ART.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE "SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN."

I.

SOME ten years ago a few cultivated and benevolent ladies of this city were moved to do something to help young women in gaining an honest and sufficient living by work that should develop and not dull their minds; that should be cheerful labor, and not monotonous drudgery. They desired to try if something could not be done to aid in giving a practical solution to the vexed question of women's work; they wished to find work suited to the minds and bodies of women; and, having found it, they would aid them in learning how to perform it, and in finding a market for what they might produce. They established a school in which were to be taught the principles of design as applied to manufactures. There were to be competent masters who should take charge of the classes in drawing and painting, and illustrate with brush and pencil what they taught in their lectures. The best models were to be provided, and

the best work to be aimed for, and it was confidently hoped that our manufacturers would gladly encourage American women in their efforts to supply the place of foreign designers, at all times difficult to procure, and always troublesome to deal with.

These ladies, in attempting to carry out this sensible and benevolent design, were met by many and great obstacles. Chiefest among these was the absolute want of a person, man or woman, thoroughly acquainted with the practical working of schools of design in England and France, and who could aid them in arranging a good working plan for a school suited to the very different wants of our society. Nobody knew anything about the matter; but there was good-will enough and energy enough, and a plan was devised on which the school got under way with high hopes, a small working capital, and a fair show of scholars.

The school, as we have said, got practically started. There was early established a class in wood-engraving, which still exists, and prospers after a sort, under the care of Mr. O'Brien; the girls who study in that department get work to do, and are paid for it; it is the only relic left of the original motive of the school.

There was also early established a class for learning how to decorate porcelain; and, after a little, some of the pupils obtained work in a large establishment on Broadway, but the foreign workmen refused to work if the American girls were not dismissed, and the proprietor could not afford, or thought he could not afford, to resist them. This was the time for the managers of the school to show fight; and it was just here that, ignorant of what had been the experience of the English schools, and how triumphantly they had come out of the contest, they withdrew quietly and finally from the field, and yielded what they ought to have stubbornly held on to. It was a fatal mistake, and one which paralyzed the working of the school. It was a mistake which was made, not from cowardice, nor from indolence, nor from any unwillingness to fight, if fighting would gain them anything, but because they did not know what had been the experience and the success of others, and because they had no backers. If their spirit and good-will could have found an answering energy and adequate intelligence among men of means, the game from that moment would have been in their hands, and we should now be chronicling success instead of defeat, and giving statistics of the full reward of their well-meant efforts, instead of blowing out, we fear, impatient ram's horn at the walls of Mr. Peter Cooper's Jericho of an Institute, in the vain hope of tumbling at least one division of it down.

For, from this time the ladies—and among them were those who, at a later date, were the most efficient helpers in another noble enterprise, the Sanitary Commission—began to despond. The school was not self-sustaining, nor likely to be, without teachers, without friends able and willing to help it, and with the manufacturers' doors slamming in the faces of its scholars in every direction. And, just as it was trembling to its fall, and seemed ready to give up the ghost, there came to it, in the disguise of helpers, two persons, or rather one leading another by the hand, who, by a *coup d'état* at once dextrous and fatal, both took the school, to all intents and purposes, out of the hands of the original board of managers—the founders of it—and substituted in place of the original object of the school one entirely different, and quite incompatible with it. Mr. Peter Cooper offered to take the school under his protection, to give it rooms in his Institute, and to pay its expenses, provided that the board of managers would surrender all but a nominal control and general oversight, without authority, over its affairs, and, having once got possession of the elephant for his menagerie, the trustees proceeded, by the help of the accomplished lady whom they installed as head of the school, with the full consent of the board of managers, to change the institution from a school of design as applied to manufactures to a school of drawing and painting applied to nothing at all.

Without for a moment believing or meaning to imply that there was anything underhand in this proceeding, we simply state the fact that from the day when the "School of Design for Women" took up its quarters in the Cooper Institute the ladies of the board of managers found their occupation gone—there was no longer any School of Design for them to manage.

Some day the history of the Cooper Institute will be written from the inside, and the glittering compliments with which its venerable founder has been profusely decorated will, perhaps, be found to have been bestowed somewhat hastily. We are aware of the risk we run in making the statement that, except for the Reading-room, which is the best in the city, and quite sufficient in itself to entitle Mr. Cooper to the name of benefactor, the whole Institute that bears his name, and which has proved a

most successful social and financial speculation for his family, is as arrant a humbug as Mr. Barnum's late museum. From its first inception till to-day it has proved itself a great purposeless, unintelligent, ignorant hulk, lying water-logged on the weltering seas without a captain, though with noisy persons calling themselves captain, and with a certain harmless but busy old gentleman at the head, whose whim it is that the hulk is a gal, lant ship, well manned and with all sails spread, provisioned for a long voyage, and, with a glorious wind astern-bound for port in a prosperous land. It is a harmless fancy, perhaps, which has cost him four hundred thousand dollars, for which he has received in return the pleasure that one always gets from a gratified whim, besides substantial rewards, as we have said, social and mercantile, and an amount of puffery and flattery that ought to satisfy the most inordinate greed for those commodities. Nor, in saying that it is a humbug, do we mean to assert that it is intentionally or knowingly so. It is a humbug because of the vast pretensions it makes, and the vast noise it makes in the world on no foundation at all. It is fitly typified by the building that holds the whole promiscuous, disconnected assemblage of schemes without beginning and without end; a building in which two-thirds of the space is said to be waste room—a building whose plan is more futile and unmeaning than that of any building, public or private, we ever saw, and which has not, from the garret under the leaky roof, into which all the foul air from the Reading-room ascends by a great drum, and where the architectural and drawing classes luxuriate in low, unventilated, dreary rooms ranged one step down along the side of its vast and musty expanse, to the basement, where Mr. Alden's beautiful wood-carvings from Ghent are hid in moldy darkness, and the great hall gives cellage to monster meetings—where the people are shoved down the shutters like coal—has not, we say, from top to bottom, one single room which is suited to its purpose. Ignorance, dense and irredeemable, sits mistress in those walls; there is no plan in its foundation—never was any, and never will be any; there is no intelligence, no steadiness, no desire to learn, no pains taken to learn. A smirking conceit and a stolid obstinacy preside over its councils and prevent good seed from being sown, or from ripening if once sown. If anybody doubts what we say, let him go and see for himself; he will find that we have exaggerated nothing and set down nothing in malice.

Such being the true state of things in the Cooper Institute, it will easily be understood that the School of Design for Women is not accomplishing much practical good. As we have said, the only relic of the original intention that exists in it is the department of wood engraving, and that can hardly be said to flourish; as for the rest, it is become a mere collection of classes for drawing and painting, from which one and another teacher has gradually withdrawn, and which is now managed with probably as little ability and as little real knowledge of what is wanted as is possible to an amiable, superficial, antiquated Englishwoman, and an Italian of pretension out of all proportion to his abilities.

Mr. H. P. Gray, Mr. Whittredge, Mr. McEntee, and Mr. Farrer have all taught in these classes, and have done their best to advance the interests of the school. But of these four gentlemen, Mr. Farrer is the one to whom the school is really indebted, not merely for labor steadily and conscientiously performed—for that the others gave—but for teaching such as no one of them was capable of giving. His plan of instruction carried out through the whole school would have saved it, made it intrinsically valuable; it would have made the School of Design a model for the whole country, and it would have laid a broad and deep foundation for teachers of what is strictly called design—design as applicable to manufactures—when they could have been procured; teachers who would find in the present system—if system it can be called—only a hindrance to whatever they might attempt to teach. What Mr. Farrer's system was, which first gave the school a name, and filled the scholars under his charge with genuine enthusiasm for study, and love of nature, we shall explain next week. It is sufficient to say here that it was always pursued in the teeth of opposition from headquarters—an opposition perfectly ignorant of the merits of what it opposed, and unable to advance any arguments except those with which envious and disappointed persons furnished it; and it yielded at last to the perseverance of the present head of the school, who has triumphantly ousted naturalism, restored the empire of conservatism, and thrown Mr. Farrer's plants and flowers, and lichened rocks and birds, out at window to make room for Jullien's lithographs, and the study of the flat, which, discarded from every school of design in Europe, national and provincial, is fitly re-established in that of the Cooper Institute. Next week we shall recur to this subject.

AGENTS FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

THE conductors of THE ROUND TABLE beg to say to the patrons of the paper that its success thus far has exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The subscription list not only contains the names of nearly all the subscribers to the paper during its publication in 1863 and 1864, but has received large additions, while the regular sales, notwithstanding the increase in the price, are greater than they ever were before.

The success of such periodicals as the *Commercial Chronicle*, *Nation*, and THE ROUND TABLE, is a matter of far more moment to the American people than to the persons interested in these enterprises. There is in the United States a larger class of intelligent readers than in any other nation; though, perhaps, the number of persons of very high culture is smaller than that in England, or France, or Germany. This class has long felt that something better was needed in the weekly press than the story papers, which are, perhaps, good enough for such as read only to be amused. But amusement is not the sole object of journalism. The charge brought against journals which discuss serious matters seriously and with fullness of information, that they are not entertaining, is discreditable to the people who make it. If our men and women are, indeed, grown-up babies, unable to digest anything more solid than Sylvanus Cobb's romances or Fanny Fern's tart paragraphs, then they are in a bad way. It is quite time, if such be the case, that they cultivate a taste for something higher. We, however, are among those who believe the American people to be capable of appreciating something better in the way of periodical literature than has yet been offered to them. The publication in this country of the works of Hamilton, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and, last and not least, Dr. Draper, shows that there is a large and growing class of American readers who crave a higher kind of literature than stories, sketches, and current news. It was because of our faith that this class was large and appreciative that we projected THE ROUND TABLE, and this faith, strengthened by the reception with which the paper met at the outset, has induced us to resume its publication at the present time.

Some objection has been made to the price of THE ROUND TABLE as being higher than that of most of the other weekly papers. It is true that the price is larger than that of the majority of our cotemporaries, and for the simple reason that every line in this paper is original, and, with the occasional exception of a letter, is paid for. The writers, too, are the very best that we can command. It must be remembered

that almost the only expense of conducting the other weeklies, apart from salaries and the cost of printing, is for a pair of scissors and a paste-pot. We could afford to print a very cheap paper if, like so many of its cotemporaries, it were made up mainly of excerpts from English periodicals which cost nothing. But we are trying the experiment (so far with success) of discussing American books and American topics from a purely American point of view, and asking the aid of only American writers. This, of course, costs money. The time may come when, with a currency less depreciated, we will be able to publish such a paper at a lower price than it is possible to do now; and the moment that time arrives, we shall reduce the price of THE ROUND TABLE.

But whatever changes may be made in connection with the publication of this periodical, it will never forfeit its independence. Stern and impartial criticism will always be its motto. Believing this to be the only true course for such a paper to adopt, its conductors will strictly adhere to it, confident from their past experience that it will meet with the approval of the more intelligent portion of the American people, to which class alone it appeals.

A GLANCE FORWARD.

IT is felt by all thoughtful people that the war through which we have just passed will result in some definite change in the very structure of our government. The enormous energies developed by the contest, and the power necessarily bestowed upon the government in order that it might bring the war to a successful close, cannot but leave their impress upon our people and our institutions, perhaps for all time to come. No one can absolutely discern the future. We can, however, form judgments from the data in the possession of all well-informed men, which may approximate at least to certainty. Yet these judgments, prove they never so correct, are only speculations, and must be regarded as such by our readers.

It needs no demonstration to show that the United States of 1865 differ very materially from the United States as they were before the war. Previous to 1861, the animating principle of our institutions was that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Secession had been discussed speculatively, but had not been attempted actually; and hence it was not certain what amount of resistance it would arouse. In a word, the rule of consent held good in township, municipal, state, and federal governments. The war, however, changed all this. Force took the place of consent. Virginia no longer belongs to the United States because she is willing, but because she must; and so of all the seceded states. The result is that the American Republic, no longer a confederation of willing states, has become a nation, existing by its own right, and demanding the obedience of the states that compose it. As yet, our people do not fully realize the fact of this change, still less what it portends. Let such review the salient features of the policy of the administration since 1861. The time was when Congress would have been stirred to its very depths by a speech against interference with its action by the President; yet, during the past four years and a half, the White House has been supreme, and the few protests against what was termed Executive usurpation have been feeble and unheeded. We do not mention this to impugn the motives of the Executive or the wisdom of Congress, but simply state it as a fact, and a most important fact, in our history. Men have been arrested without knowing the charges against them, imprisoned without examination, and discharged without explanation or trial, and no one could be found to listen to their complaints. Newspapers have been suppressed, and only their conductors and personal adherents found fault. Indeed, one of the most notable features of the war was the almost universal acquiescence in these and other similar manifestations of power by the general government. During the last two years of Mr. Lincoln's life the opposition made all the capital it could of these unusual proceedings; yet it is a matter of record

that, however well-founded were the grievances alleged, the people, whenever it had a chance to pass judgment upon the acts of the administration, indorsed them by heavy majorities. In truth, nothing seemed to please the mass of the people so much as some striking exhibition of power by the federal government. Nor have these proceedings ceased with the war. Military commissions, unknown to our laws, still sit at the national capital and in other leading cities of the Union. The Secretary of War has seized photographs and destroyed them, on a question of taste as to exhibiting pictures of Mr. Lincoln's body as it lay in state. He has taken possession of a theater because the manager had the bad taste to resume performances in the house in which Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. And quite recently a man was arrested and brought in irons to Washington against whom the only crime alleged was swindling a party campaign committee of seven hundred dollars during the late presidential canvass. These and similar acts, despite a few feeble protests from the administration and opposition press, seem to be either universally ignored or universally acquiesced in by the people. As to the right or wrong of such acts, we do not now pronounce an opinion; it is enough for our present purpose to state them and the evident approval of them by the mass of the American people.

The inference is inevitable that many years cannot elapse without some fundamental changes in the structure of our Government. There is no danger that in our day, at least, we shall be ruled by a king or an emperor. Our habits of thought and our national prejudices will prevent so vital a change as this. We will always have elections and freedom of speech and of debate; but the element of force which has been tacitly recognized as inherent in the general government will, of necessity, crystallize into institutions wholly different from those which the American people held so dear previous to the late war. Startling as this speculation may appear, is it not warranted by the occurrences of the past few years?

It should not be taken for granted, however, that the changes which have taken place are for the worse. As a people, we are not likely to trouble ourselves with the past. We live in the present and for the future. Precedents are held as authority only so long as they suit the views of to-day and what it is hoped will occur to-morrow. It is not probable that the exercise of power to which allusion has been made will continue in the same form in which it was inaugurated. But this element of force will not be withdrawn. It will clothe itself with legitimate forms, and the only present concern is what those forms shall be. This fact is indirectly recognized by the acts of certain gentlemen in Boston and elsewhere, who are urging the President, as the head of the government, to reduce the southern states to the condition of territories, and not admit them to their old relations until they will submit to certain conditions which they prescribe. Should these views prevail, the power of the central government will be augmented beyond all calculation. The vast amount of patronage that such a policy will vest in the President and Cabinet is enough to turn the heads of otherwise cautious and modest gentlemen. That they should wield all the power that is put into their hands is but expecting them to act as would the mass of mankind under similar circumstances. The Washingtons of history are very rare. The men who are willing to relinquish power once securely in their possession appear only at long intervals. And should the whole local authority of the South be vested in the government at Washington, who shall say that the same rule of action, perhaps in a modified form, will not be applied to some other section of the country? President Johnson deserves credit for at least making an honest effort to ascertain whether the southern states will return to the Union upon the same terms as the northern states; and success on his part will go far toward counteracting the perils of excessive centralization.

This is a time for thoughtfulness, but not for croaking. The dark days are gone; and, as the designs of Providence with reference to this American Republic unfold themselves to human view, the future grows brighter with each revolving sun. Dangers there are, to be sure. The skies do not become clear at once after a severe storm. But as the clouds are parting,

and the sunlight streams through the rifts, it is the part of manly patriotism to keep a sharp watch for dangers ahead, all the while retaining a firm faith in Providence, in humanity, and the country.

THE SO-CALLED MUSEUM AGAIN.

THERE is one feature of the so-called American Museum which calls for more particular reference than we have been able to give it as yet. We refer to the morality of the entertainments there offered, upon which its owner oftentimes lays special stress. This morality, however, is of a quality that will not bear close examination. In fact, to the unpracticed eye, it too nearly resembles dishonesty, falsehood, and swindling to be the genuine article. Morality does not lie; but at the museum they put together the tail of a fish and the body of a monkey, and assure the public that it is a Feejee mermaid. Morality does not defraud you of your money under false pretenses; but at the museum they take a poor, idiotic negro girl and impudently announce that she is a new species of animated nature, "a connecting link between the human and the brute creation," and that she was caught wild in Africa, whereas the poor girl was purchased by a circus proprietor from a southern plantation. Morality does not consent to willful deception for the sake of pecuniary aggrandizement; but at the museum they hire a pretty German woman, declare her a Circassian, and, at the witty suggestion of a certain orientalist, christen her Zeruby, which is the Turkish for humbug. It is easy to perceive, then, that the museum morality is not the kind which is taught in the Scriptures, preached from the pulpit, and practiced by good men. For just such breaches of the moral law as those we have pointed out, rogues of high and low degree are sent to jail every day. Nay, if Mr. Barnum were to visit his patrons, at their native villages, incognito, and attempt to swindle them out of their hard-earned money by such tricks, it is more than likely that he would be treated very roughly. Why are falsehoods and deceptions so immoral in other people and so moral in Mr. Barnum? Upon what grounds does this man claim and secure exemption from the reprobation of the public and the penalties of the law?

There is another characteristic of the museum morality which must not be overlooked. Several years ago our theaters were disgraced by an upper tier, frequented by abandoned women, who plied their vocation, as General Butler phrases it, and openly banded Billingsgate to the disgust of the respectable portion of the audiences. But all our reputable places of amusement have long since abolished the upper-tier nuisance, and this class of women, strange to say, have taken refuge in the moral museum. The old building was infested with them, especially upon Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. With all our charity, we find ourselves unable to assume that Mr. Barnum was ignorant of this fact. The police knew of it; the public prints sometimes alluded to it; the illustrated papers depicted it in their sketches; and to believe that Mr. Barnum was not aware of it is to do him injustice, for he is certainly a man of very keen perceptions, and has a thorough knowledge of what is going on in his own establishment. Although he constantly advertises his museum as a resort for families, we never knew him to take any precautions against the admission of these infamous creatures, whom no family party would wish to encounter. That the adoption of such precautions is quite practicable, the experience of our other theaters shows. The presence of a police detective at the door, or the engagement of ushers with eyesight as sharp as the generality of mankind, would speedily have abated the evil. This phase of museum morality is still kept up, we presume, in Mr. Barnum's new building; and, what is worse, women are admitted in the evening, unaccompanied by gentlemen. He evidently takes the ground that the money of courtesans and pickpockets is as good as anybody's else, and sees no reason why he should refuse it. No doubt this is worldly wisdom; but is it true morality? Besides this, Mr. Barnum appears to us not wholly indifferent to the influence which attractions verging upon the sensual have upon the success of his establishment. One of his advertising pictures, recently published, represents him seated in a private box

and gazing ardently at a semi-clothed danseuse, posed within a few inches of his nose. The letter-press of the advertisement asks, in effect, how he could decline to engage such charms as those. A glance at his face as portrayed in this picture convinces us that he is not as innocently unconscious of the influence of such exhibitions as so moral a person ought to be, and furnishes us with a clue to the motives that induce him to wink at the public scandal with which the museum has been for some time connected.

In conclusion, we advise visitors to the metropolis—upon whom Mr. Barnum depends so largely for patronage—to keep clear of the museum. Residents of the city need no such advice, for they are seldom seen in the place. And if those persons who have recently been called upon to contribute curiosities to the proposed new museum will reflect a moment, we are of the opinion that they can discover a better disposition to make of the articles that they contemplate presenting or loaning to this institution. There is at the Central Park a museum, free to all visitors, which simply needs a little care and generosity upon the part of the public and the government to become much more valuable than Mr. Barnum's ever was or ever can be. In Paris and London the government museums have long since superseded such show-shops as that to which we refer; and in the course of a very few years the Central Park Museum can be made equally attractive. Even now it is well worth visiting. Let those who have contributions to bestow send them to the Central Park Commissioners; let government contribute duplicates of the curiosities which crowd its arsenals, archives, and the Patent Office; let ship-captains remember the Central Park Museum when traveling to foreign shores; in short, let everybody do what he can to assist the Commissioners to extend their present collection until that part of the Park rivals the Zoological Gardens of London and the Jardin des Plantes of Paris. Then the people may examine the wonders of the past and present without being exposed to temptations of the worst sort. Then, if they desire to see dramatic performances, they can attend our first-class theaters, instead of being seduced into a third-class place called a "lecture-room." Then Mr. Barnum can either retire from his profession of showman, or, if his attachment to it be too strong to sever, he can pack up his traps and lug them around the country after the manner of his numerous imitators.

THE DEMANDS OF JUSTICE.

THE recent attempt of a woman in Chicago to murder her husband, following so closely upon the verdict in the Mary Harris case, in Washington, should attract more serious attention from the public than it has yet obtained. In plain truth, we have fallen upon evil times in the administration of justice in this country. The restraints of law have been relaxed not because of the war, for we believe that there will result from that dread contest a greater reverence for law, and a more rigid application of its penalties to delinquents of both sexes. Indeed, one of the causes of the war was a lack of respect for legitimate authority. So general and so well-founded is the conviction that justice can no longer be obtained in our courts of law, that the public has not only tolerated but even applauded the dangerous assumption of power by the national government in the organization of military commissions. A sickly sentimentalism, the specious offspring of our civilization, has so infected the public mind, and through it the civil courts, that the sterner aspects of justice have been quite lost sight of, to the very serious detriment of the public morals. The anti-slavery agitation in this country, justified as it may have been by subsequent events, in so far as it was accompanied by sentimental notions of social progress, and of sympathy for criminals, has borne pernicious fruit. Our people need to be infused with the old Puritan hatred of wrong and thorough detestation of criminals and of all disturbers of social order. More especially must we rid ourselves of the false idea of gallantry which permits a woman to commit any crime, even to the shedding of human blood, because of her sex. The warnings of history respecting this very matter are before us. An age marked by an undue deference to the weaker sex has always been distinguished by

the general corruption of society, which naturally culminated in revolting deeds of crime. It is to the credit of our government that, in the interests of justice, it could hang a Mrs. Surratt, and it is to the lasting shame of our jurisprudence and to the entire American bar, that so grievous a farce as the Harris trial could have been permitted, or, having been allowed to run its course, did not arouse the whole nation to its feet in indignation at the disgrace inflicted upon the country.

The question is a pertinent one, has the United States a bar, in the highest sense of the word? Practicing lawyers, clever attorneys, glib-tongued fellows who can talk on any subject, are plenty, but the race of highly-trained and really great jurists has ceased to exist in this country. Were the practice of the law what it should be—were the American bench and bar adorned with such men as Henry, Wirt, Pinckney, and Webster, we would have at least a few men who could speak for the majesty of the law, and defend it against persons in authority who might violate it. From this time forth public opinion must be worked up to the killing point. Punishment must follow swiftly upon conviction of crime. Otherwise social chaos is upon us. It may be nearer than we think. Who is there that believes full justice will be rendered to young Ketchum, the most guilty and least excusable forger of modern times? This young man, of high social position, with hardly a temptation to crime, beginning life in the affluence that few men of his age so much as hope to attain after years of labor, is guilty of practices which strike at the foundations of all financial honor. A few such persons as he in monetary circles would bring the whole banking business of the country to a stand-still. In England or France the perpetrator of crimes like his, though of a noble family, would be punished as pitilessly as would the meanest laborer in the land. Yet no one expects punishment for him adequate to his deeds. So, too, of Jenkins—though, probably, he stands a poor chance of escaping the penalties of the law, since his social connections cannot compare with those of Ketchum. That this is so, is another evidence of the low estate to which the administration of justice in this country has fallen.

This matter is vital to the interests of the country. With insecurity of person and property, with no assurance of punishment for crime, we add greatly to the financial burdens which press upon us. There can be but little hope for the future save in so far as power falls into the hands of men trained in the dread school of war, whose sense of honor is much higher, and who will smite the criminal without respect to condition or sex.

THE result of the election in Connecticut last Monday on the proposed amendment to the state constitution granting the right of suffrage to negroes, is a matter of more than local interest. It indirectly settles for the present the question of insisting upon universal suffrage in the southern states, for the North cannot in honor demand that the South assume obligations which it refuses to recognize itself. If Connecticut, with its few thousand colored people, bearing an almost unappreciable proportion to the whole number of voters in the state, bids them stand away from the ballot-box, it cannot claim that Georgia, with a large negro population, consisting mainly of poor, ignorant, and unintelligent persons, must be compelled to let this class vote. Thus one obstacle to the President's plan of reconstruction is removed, and one, too, that promised to be a very serious one by reason of the pertinacity with which many very conscientious men urged the right of suffrage for the negroes. The North very justly insists that the colored population shall have every natural right that belongs to man as man, but the question of granting civil rights is left to each state to decide for itself. This is the interpretation of the result of the Connecticut election.

THE allusion to Mr. Charles Astor Bristed in our last issue, we hardly need say, had reference solely to the silly letters that he is in the habit of printing in some of the daily papers, a specimen of which, addressed to THE ROUND TABLE, may be found in another column.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, September 30, 1865.

MRS. FARRAR'S book deserves more than the passing consideration I gave it last week, though it seems to me rather disappointing on the whole. One can understand how such recitals might have lessened the pain of a husband's sick couch, as she says they did, and how a circle of friends might have listened to much of it with pleasure from septuagenarian lips; but the trouble is that it almost always happens that when any one is reputed in society to have in memory a choice fund of reminiscences, and the possessor yields to solicitation and makes a book, even those who had been most charmed with the oral intercourse find something wanting. It is impossible to preserve through the process of print all the associations that cling to the living face. This is the thing wanting in the present volume. Much that now seems stale, unprofitable, would doubtless carry pleasing, if not valuable, convictions from the lady's lips. Much that now appears meager would have the filling-up of tone, glance, and smile. Still the book is not without interest. Perhaps it has as much as could be expected. Its simplicity of style is certainly a guarantee, that is welcome, of honesty and truthfulness. Some paragraphs that it is difficult to see the reason for repeating at all may, besides, complete the circle of absolute *verisemblance*, and so be of worth. It could, I think, have been compressed in some parts; and in others, where we are left longing, it is hard to think that the writer could not have told us more. I think, certainly, she should have told us less of what did not come within her own experience. She speaks, for instance, of Bath and Beau Nash, and the uninstructed reader might readily conclude that what she describes took place under her eye; whereas Nash must have ceased to reign at Bath thirty years before she was born. She quotes the incident of his picture being placed in the pump-room between two busts, "one of Sir Isaac Newton, the other some distinguished man, I forget who;" when a slight care might have supplied the name of Pope and corrected some questionable grammar. Another instance of like looseness of dependence in her language, by the way, brings her within the list of those who, in Macaulay's phrase, are guilty of the "low vulgarity of *mutual for common friend*"—a blunder so transparent that one is surprised at its frequency. Had she supplied Pope's name she might have quoted the lines more correctly. "Worth" could hardly be put in contrast as a synonym of Pope; while "wit," which the true copies have, is suggestive enough. The lines, which are too well known to repeat, she ascribes to a "wit," having in mind probably Chesterfield, who was long considered their author; but Mr. Bartlett, in his "Familiar Quotations," assigns them to Jane Breton, putting her life between the dates 1685—1740. The verses first appeared, without any signature, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February, 1741, and it is hard to believe, if Jane is the author of them, that so palpable a hit at Nash, whom everybody was at liberty to make fun of, could escape print till after her death. I catch Mrs. F. in another blunder. She speaks of Hannah More's tragedy of "Percy" as having had "a great success in London, where she (H. M.) once had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Siddons perform in it, whilst Garrick sat beside her, delighted with both the play and the author." Now, the great actor died in 1779, and Mrs. Siddons did not revive "Percy" till long afterwards, and Miss More (her biographer tells us) never saw her play the heroine at all. Her chapter of Delia Bacon contains another error, in saying that Mr. R. W. Emerson procured the insertion of that enthusiast's article, which first gave us the Baconian theory (in a double sense) of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, in a "Boston magazine." It was, in fact, in "Putnam's Magazine" of January, 1856, that Miss Bacon's paper appeared. Her book followed the next year, and, as Mr. Hawthorne says, might have got readers could a fit editor have shoveled out of the way the great quantity of rubbish that overlaid the gist of it. As it was, Mr. H. thinks, it had but one reader throughout, and that was a "young man of genius and enthusiasm," who assured Mr. H. that he had become a convert to her theory. It will be remembered that a Mr. Wm. H. Smith advocated the same theory in a book published the same year in England, whom we might class, probably, as a second reader; and a third, if rumor is to be relied upon, exists in a supreme judge in one of our Western States, who has prepared a manuscript, which some day or other may be given to the world. A clear exposition of possibilities in the case, if done by a man of ability, might, like the famous logical proof of the non-existence of such a man as Napoleon, be read for its own sake, irrespective of its conclusions. Speaking of Shakespeare

reminds me that Mrs. Farrar, detailing the process of collation that Mrs. Cowden Clarke undertook for her edition of the plays (which was published in New York in 1860), adds: "The text so chosen is now considered the best, and I have heard from them [Mrs. Clarke and her husband] that they are preparing three editions at once, according to their chosen version." Of the making of Shakespeares there certainly seems to be no end. There are some six or eight editions now in the trade, or soon to be, with a Boston imprint, and I may devote a letter hereafter to a consideration of Shakespeariana in Boston.

Before passing from Mrs. Farrar's book, I may add it wants an index. I think it is short-sightedness in publishers to neglect this necessary appendage to any book that will bear it. There is no way of extending the sale of a book like giving the means for having it quoted. I am glad to learn that the new edition of the "Life of Horace Mann," which is now making ready by Walker, Fuller & Co., will have an index, which was much needed before. The same house also issue very soon an account of the inauguration of the Mann statue, accompanied by a photograph of Miss Stebbins's work, which will enable those at a distance to see what sort of effigies we are erecting to our dead heroes. The statue has been unmercifully criticised, and, in some respects, justly. The legs are very unstable, and have the look of a sailor trying to save his perpendicular when the ship gives a lee lurch. The drapery, where it clings to the advanced leg, has not the folds of a cloth fabric such as modern cloaks are made of. It seems as if molded after a wet sheet thrown upon a lay figure. In other respects the figure may allowably be called good. The head is just, and the ample folds of the cloak, if not reducible to any tailorish cut, have no bad effects, except in the one particular I have named. The blotches, unfortunately, are so prominent, that the work's good points are in danger of being overlooked. It was luckless for the artist that recent travelers, on their return from Rome, had brought home so enthusiastic stories of the excellence of this statue, for the expectations thus roused were hardly fulfilled. Mention of Rome reminds me that, in the next volume of W. F. & Co.'s Spectacle Series of juveniles, Miss Lander will do for the Eternal City what she has done for so many of the other capitals of the world in the previous volumes. I have seen proofs of the cuts; they are done with care, and many of them copy with commendable exactness the photographs that were supplied. The same publishers are preparing a second series of "Hymns for Mother and Child," edited by those who produced the "Hymns of the Ages," and, from one or two of the full-page wood-cuts that I have seen, I should judge that a Miss Green, who furnishes the drawing, possesses a delicacy of feeling that should be better known. This house, like several others with us, is much embarrassed for want of paper to issue their announcements as early as they would wish. It is not only the farmers who are suffering from our drouth. Paper mills everywhere seem to be running, by compulsion, on half or less time.

Sever & Francis, of Cambridge, will soon add the seventh and eighth volumes to their "Golden Treasury Series." The first will be "The Ballad Book, a Selection of the Choicest British Ballads, edited by William Allingham," the young Irish poet, whom we have not heard from as often as we wish. His poems, which Ticknor & Fields gave us in "blue and gold" shape in 1861, gave promise of better things yet. He had a chance to show his taste in this selection, for considerable discrimination is required to get within the compass of a small volume the most characteristic specimens of so rich a lore as that of British ballads. English critics have acknowledged that, for a collection, the eight volumes edited by Professor Child and issued in Little, Brown & Co.'s series of British poets, is the best to be had; but there is room for a small selection like the one in hand. A glance at the proofs of the contents-table to this new volume shows me a feature of great convenience in cataloguing these productions. I have often noticed, in wishing to refer to a ballad, that I remember its story or motive without recalling the name. The difficulty is met in this case by appending to each title a brief recital of the ballad's scope. The other volume of this series, nearly ready, is "The Sunday Book of Poetry, selected and arranged by C. F. Alexander." If this should prove neither a hymn-book nor a mere collection of sacred poetry, it will supply a want. This same house have in preparation for this series "The Song Book, a collection of the best songs, edited by John Hullah." Wherein it is to differ in its character from Palgrave's selection, which began the series, I have not yet learned. It is to be followed by "Robinson Crusoe," edited by J. W. Clark, with Stothard's illustrations.

Ticknor & Fields are about to add to the large paper editions of their "blue and gold" series (which is known

as the Cabinet Edition of the Poets), the poems of Bayard Taylor, Gerald Massey, Owen Meredith, and the works of Mrs. Jameson.

Our publishers are making ready a variety of new juveniles. Those by Ticknor & Fields I have mentioned heretofore. Lee & Shepard are preparing some new volumes by Oliver Optic. Their author, Wm. T. Adams, was formerly master of one of our public schools, but resigned his position to more readily convert his experience with boys into something that should please them. He has recently returned from Europe with some new material for stories, it is said. The volumes soon to be ready will describe the adventures of a soldier under "Fighting Joe," while two volumes will carry on the story of his sailor youth, as he ascends in rank, fighting under Farragut. Loring's juveniles, I find, are liked by the boys. A new edition of "The Boys at Chequasset" is just out. It is a story that pleases them. Horatio Alger, Jr., is the author of "Paul Prescott's Charge," just out from the same press. I must devote a letter to current juveniles hereafter. E. P. Dutton & Co., who succeed to the "Old Corner Bookstore," so long known as the abiding place of Ticknor & Fields, and which has a history that I may tell some time, have also in preparation a number of books for the young folks. I will speak at length of the Rev. W. R. Alger's "Poetry of the Orient" next week. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2, 1865.

BYRON said that nothing was more certain than mutability, and newspaper changes in this city show that he was right. About ten months ago the *Public Ledger*, long at the head of the one-cent newspapers in this country, was sold by W. M. Swayne, its founder and proprietor, to George W. Childs, an enterprising book publisher. Paper becoming dear, Mr. Childs had to raise the selling price of the *Ledger* to two cents per copy. On this, the *Inquirer*, inclined to compete with the low-priced rather than with the high-priced papers, dropped down to two cents a copy; on which the *Ledger* made a further decline to ten cents a week. The battle still rages wild and strong; but the *Ledger* has just been enlarged, which gives more space for news; and it remains to be seen what the *Inquirer's* counter-move shall be. The newspapers here are showing a tendency to move westward. Colonel Forney was the first to set the example. He purchased a fine property, the south-western corner of Chestnut Street and Seventh, on which he has erected a new office for the *Press*, which will move into it next week. He will add an extensive general printing office to the concern, like the *Ledger* and *Inquirer*. The well-situated property south-western corner of Chestnut and Sixth, near the State House, was lately in the market, and it was said that Mr. Harding had offered a large sum for it, with a view of transferring his newspaper, job office, Bible, and photograph-album branches of business thereto; but it appears now that Mr. Childs has purchased it over his head—though probably without any intention of moving from the present *Ledger* building, on the southwestern corner of Chestnut and Third, the best situation in the city, seeing that Third Street, where brokers "most do congregate," is the Wall Street of Philadelphia. In one block, between Chestnut and Walnut Streets, are the offices of three daily and of five or six weekly papers. The *Evening Bulletin*, which has the *Evening Telegraph* for its antagonist, will soon be removed to Chestnut Street, above Sixth, and is temporarily in Chestnut, between Third and Fourth. Jay Cooke, the banker, to whom, if to any one, "the national debt is a national (and personal) blessing," has purchased the *Bulletin* office in Third Street, in order to convert it into a bank on a great scale.

The Sunday papers here, all located in Third Street, were four until lately, viz.: *Dispatch*, *Transcript*, *Mercury*, and *Times*. There has recently sprung up the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, and a little theatrical play-bill sheet, called the *Programme*, has just ripened into a weekly, containing sensational fiction, dramatic news, and high eulogistic notices of the drama in Philadelphia. It may succeed, in its new form, for, certain scholiasts affirm, the age of miracles has not absolutely passed away. A small weekly called the *Review*, the organ of the numerous literary societies here, and frequently containing very able articles, has also ripened, I believe, into a regular weekly newspaper. Another novelty, entitled *Saturday Night*, has just appeared, and two more are announced. An illustrated weekly, of the size and on the plan (yet with a difference) of *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Newspaper*, is destined to appear about the middle of December. If started (and it will not appear until sufficient capital be banked to carry it through one year), it will have its own staff of engravers and electrotypers, and will be printed by the best typographer of Third Street. Its name will be the *Lady's Newspaper*, and it will aim at

becoming an authority on literature and—fashion. The *Saturday Evening Post*, the oldest of the Philadelphia secular weeklies, has lately been edited by Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer (whose husband, now General Spencer, partook of Sherman's great march), who has now bought in, as part proprietor—Mr. Deacon, of the firm of Deacon & Peterson, retiring from the paper. At one time the *Saturday Evening Post* had an immense circulation, chiefly in the South. The proprietors had strong abolition tendencies, ere such were generally accepted even in the North, and having expressed them rather strongly, on some occasion, so much offended their Southern readers, that their circulation dropped away by thousands, and the paper has never since regained its old status below the dividing line of the Potomac. Years before Mrs. Henry Wood, the English novelist, author of "East Lynne," became known to fame, and whose popularity is now surpassed among female writers, by Miss M. A. Braddon, the *Saturday Evening Post* published her stories, paying her handsomely for the copyright. The result was that when Mrs. Wood suddenly became famous, in consequence of a long laudatory review of "East Lynne" in the *Times*, she was well known and properly appreciated here, though English readers knew nothing of her or her writings.

Some two or three months ago, Mr. James Dundas, who lived in a splendid house on Broad Street, corner of Walnut, departed this life, leaving his property, variously estimated at from two to three million dollars, to be principally divided among relatives of his wife, not having any son of his own. On Monday, his dwelling-house was sold by auction, and realized the large sum of \$130,000. It covers a great extent of ground—actually, almost, from Juniper to Broad Street, and from Walnut to Sansom. It included, besides quite a palatial mansion, an extensive garden, in which was a tank containing one of the most magnificent specimens of the Victoria Regina ever cultivated—larger than the great plants of this rare species introduced by Sir Joseph Paxton into the gardens of Chatsworth, and by Sir William Hooker into the National Botanical Garden at Kew. This plant went with the house, but the green-house and conservatory plants, most of them imported, and largely from Holland and Belgium, were sold separately on Thursday, and realized \$9,000. It was a singular sale, not one of the plants being exhibited when the bids were made. Three days before the auctioneer came upon the scene, intending purchasers went to Mr. Dundas's green-houses, catalogue in hand, noted such plants as they cared for, and on that memorandum in the catalogue made their bids for each floral treasure that they desired to obtain. Of the future destination of Mr. Dundas's mansion—which is too large for any one but a man of colossal fortune—something certain may be known in a few days. If it be dealt with as I am now advised it will become a world's wonder. It is not situated exactly in the fashionable part of Walnut Street—which extends from Fifteenth to Twenty-first Streets; but for a special public purpose it is remarkably well adapted.

It must be highly gratifying to your readers to know that the world is not to come to an end quite so soon as was announced by various religious prophets. About sixteen years ago the Rev. Dr. John Cumming, a very popular Scotch Presbyterian preacher in London,—fluent, poetical, and learned, and a man whose blameless life would seem to attest the excellence of his doctrine—announced, first from the pulpit and then through the press, that the world would be destroyed and eternity be commenced about the year 1860. About the time of this prophecy, however, the reverend gentleman purchased a house, or rather its lease for an unexpired term of twenty-one years—being a round dozen of years beyond his announced day of doom. This rather weakened the popular faith in the prediction. When 1860 arrived, and the globe continued to revolve on its axis as usual, Dr. Cumming took upon himself to defer the millennium until 1865, but has not alluded to the subject lately. In this country, however, where Dr. Cumming's republished writings have obtained great popularity, his followers, among whom are some of the most learned divines of nearly all churches but the Catholic, have not abandoned the idea that the latter days are near. In Philadelphia there is a periodical, entitled the *Prophetic Times*, wholly devoted to the expression and elucidation of this idea. In its articles the reader will find great learning, subtle reasoning, and firm belief. The writers are undoubtedly in earnest.

Two new books, bearing on the subject of "The Coming End," and avowedly put forth as "Great Works on Prophecy," will soon be published by Mr. Claxton, of this city. One will be called "Jesus and the Coming Glory; or, Notes on Scripture," by Joel Jones, LL.D. The title of the other so fully expresses its purpose that

I give it in full: "Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World and Personal Anti-Christ, foretold in Prophecy to confirm a Seven Years' Covenant with the Jews, about or soon after 1864-5, and subsequently to become completely supreme over England and most of America, and all Christendom, until he finally perishes at the Battle of Armageddon, about or soon after 1872-3. With Diagrams and Maps. By Rev. M. Baxter." * Another prophet, by the way, has located Armageddon in the valley of the Mississippi. Mr. Baxter, it will be seen, kindly extends the world's duration seven or eight years beyond the time stated by Dr. Cumming, in his last prediction.

A gentleman of Philadelphia has put to press a small edition (sixty-five copies) of Cole's "History and Antiquities of Ecton." This is a small parish in the county of Northampton, England, in which Dr. Franklin's ancestors—plain yeomen or *franklins*—resided some centuries before any of them emigrated to this country.

Professor George Allen, who occupies the Greek chair in the University of Pennsylvania, has taken more pains to produce a perfect book than perhaps any other person in this country. He wrote the "Life of Philidor, Musician and Chess-Player," drawing his materials from a variety of sources, French and English, to which he added an original supplementary essay on "Philidor as Chess-Author and Chess-Player," expressly written for him, by Tassilo von Heyderbrand und der Lassa, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia at the Court of Saxe-Weimar. Professor Allen's book can scarcely be said to have been published, though it has upon its imprint the names of E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia; G. Bossange & Cie., Paris; C. J. Skeet, London; and Ernst Schäfer, Leipzig. A very few copies were printed: some in a post 8vo size, on finest American laid paper; a few large paper copies on French vellum paper (*papier velin d'Annonay*); on Dutch laid paper (*papier vergé de Hollande*); and on American toned paper. Two copies were printed on vellum—the first book-printing on vellum executed in America. It was done at the Caxton press of Sherman & Son. Professor Allen, who knew that Brunck, "who was a gentleman and a soldier before he was a scholar, never put forth one of his editions without having copies printed on large paper, and at least one on vellum," determined to follow his example. Brunck, the great English printer, who flourished in the later years of the last and the early part of the present century, had invariably failed in the attempts at vellum-printing, and attributed it to the bad quality of the imported material. Mr. Hector Bossange, the venerable Paris publisher, purchased the skins of vellum, which were examined and selected by an expert, and also forwarded to Dr. Allen, from the same source, full and minute instructions for the guidance of the pressman, the want of which, it is suspected, was the real cause of the failure of Brunck. These were acted upon to the letter, and the result was entirely successful—the vellum copies being delicate wonders of the art of printing. When it is considered that vellum will shrink and lose its texture when damped, unless the most careful manipulation be exercised, some idea of the difficulty of using it for printing on may be imagined.

Strictly speaking, this "Philidor" is not literally the earliest book printed on vellum in America. The printing was executed, as far as the close of the biography, in 1859, but was then suspended. Before it was resumed, in the spring of 1860, two copies of another little book of Dr. Allen's (the "Novena to St. Anthony of Padua," pp. viii. and 1-24) were printed on vellum at Sherman's Caxton office; and Mr. George Livermore, of Boston, had three vellum copies of the "Soldiers' Pocket Bible" pp. viii. and 1-16) executed by Mr. Houghton, at the Riverside Press, Cambridge.

A new and revised, as well as much extended, edition of the "Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World," is under way, on the part of J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers here. The work (in royal 8vo., pp. 2,182 and xviii.) originally appeared in 1855, "edited by Dr. J. Thomas and T. Baldwin," and other gentlemen. The system of pronunciation was written by Dr. Thomas, who lately produced "A Comprehensive Medical Dictionary," which has already become a standard work. Lippincott & Co. are also having prepared for them, to make a volume typographically corresponding with the "Gazetteer," a comprehensive "Biographical Dictionary," which will include notices of about fifty thousand persons.

Edwin Forrest, who has been painfully afflicted for some time with rheumatic gout, to which he is occasionally a martyr, is sufficiently convalescent now to

commence a starring tour under the management of Mr. Wheatley, of Niblo's Garden, where the first performances will be given. Afterwards, accompanied by Mr. Wheatley, Mr. John McCullough, Mrs. H. A. Perry (late of California), and Mrs. Farren, he will visit Washington and cities in New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Mr. Forrest, now aged sixty, has lately declined playing such juvenile parts as *Claude Melnotte*, and has even shown a desire to eschew *Hamlet*, which is one of his most successful characters. With his large fortune there is no necessity for his playing, but

"Reluctant lags the veteran on the stage."

He has a noble library and a large collection of fine pictures. To the back of his mansion on Broad Street (our Fifth Avenue) Mr. Forrest has lately appended a large building, which contains a small theater, with stage, scenery, and auditorium complete. He intends, as soon as he finally ceases to play in public, to establish here an academy of acting, in which a certain number of promising pupils may be gratuitously instructed and initiated in the profession by himself and other competent persons. It is probable that he will enter into this enterprise next year, as it will be doubtful whether the approaching performances will not be his last.

R. S. M.

LONDON.

LONDON, September 16, 1865.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science, whose annual meeting has just closed at Birmingham, was unusually interesting. On these occasions the days are devoted to science, and the evenings to mingling pleasure with science. I cannot undertake even a sketch of proceedings so vast, which find themselves constrained and cut short when the week closes. To a casual observer the most interesting *genus* exhibited at Birmingham was the *homo scientia* himself. I own to some considerable thrills of hero-worship on the first evening when Sir Charles Lyell, the president for last year, made way for Professor Phillips, of Oxford, the president for this. Sir Charles, with his silken white hair, his pleasant smile, his eager eye—still readier to recognize and declare a new discovery than any man of science in England—sat by the side of the venerable Sir Roderick Murchison, who declares himself the "palaeozoic" of the association, an old, somewhat bald, but quite handsome gentleman, with a personal regard for the Lomer Ellweian amounting to passion. On the other side is the new president, Phillips, with elastic, quick step and boyish manner, which seem strange in a gentleman with such white hair, and suggest that, after all, his "white blossom of age" may be only the efflorescence of his extreme Saxon blondeness. He has the fullness about his blue eyes and that nasal prominence which are so apt to belong to vigorous thinkers and to orators. In the three men whom I have named the spirits of the scientific past and future sat, with the link which binds them together; for, if Lyell is ever on the outlook for novel discoveries, and Murchison is ever fortifying the old, Phillips is ever showing that science is an eagle that needs both its right and left wings in order to soar. That man at the left, with a long face, prominent nose, and restless eye, is Professor Tyndall, the man who, at the Royal Institute, clothes himself with rain-bows as a garment, makes flames sing, and gives you a personal introduction to Venus, Mars, Sirius, or the man in the moon. Near him is Principal Dawson, of the Canadian surveys, the man who discovered a fossil in Canada (*Eozoon Canadense*) as much farther beyond the oldest animal known before as the latter was before our own. A quiet, handsome gentleman is Dr. Dawson, and he gives us a favorable report of the prospects of science in America. Then there is Sir John Lubbock, who has searched beyond all others into the antiquity of man, himself being the very youngest man of the present formation of British science. He is also the finest, clearest speaker on scientific questions which they have. Lord Stanley is there also—the president of the Economic and Statistical Science Section—in whom it is hard to find any trace of his father, Earl Derby, the great Tory leader and latest translator of Homer. Lord Stanley is red-haired, round-faced, and mounds his words in speaking; but he invariably speaks good sense, and is utterly free from the usual affectation or arrogance of the nobility. Near him is a young, girlish-faced, small youth, whom one is astounded to find is Viscount Milton, who has been the most energetic and successful traveler among the Indians of our far West in America, and has just written his experiences in a decidedly good book. Next is Lord Houghton, the title of Richard Monckton Milnes, the poet, who lays hold of everything, whether pertaining to science, literature, or art, and is ubiquitous. He is growing rather fat now, and lazy, per-

* The volume to which our correspondent refers is doubtless a new edition of a work by the same author which was reviewed in THE ROUND TABLE of April 23, 1864.—ED.

haps; he is a great man for giving breakfasts. Near to him sits Sir Henry Rawlinson, of Oxford, decipherer of the cuneiform inscriptions of the East, a remarkably fine-looking man, strikingly like the present Chief Justice of the United States, only he has dark hair and Mr. Chase has light. Sir Henry is the president of the Geographical and Ethnological Section this year, and has also just been elected to a seat in Parliament. And now there enters a blonde, tall young man, led by a page, whom the people everywhere in England always applaud when he appears on a platform. It is Henry Fawcett, professor of political economy in the University of Cambridge. When Mr. Fawcett was just closing his course at Cambridge, and was about to be graduated with the highest honors, he went on a hunting expedition with his father. In getting over a fence his father's gun went off and a shot entered each eye of his son! Both eyes were lost. The young man assured his distracted father that the accident would make no difference in his future; and how well he has kept that promise may be judged by the facts that now, at the age of thirty-five, he has become the most distinguished writer on political economy, next to Mill, in England; has written a standard work on logic; and has just been elected to the House of Commons for the important constituency of Brighton (the first blind man ever elected to Parliament). Mr. Fawcett is fine-looking, of very fair complexion, full of life and humor, and a graceful and effective speaker. We have also a young Englishman who is quite the "lion" at the Birmingham Association, namely Mr. Whympers, who has come to give an account of his heroic scensorial feat, the climbing to the Aigle Verte of the Alps. He, too, is a blonde youth (about twenty-two), with a well-knit form, and gives his thrilling narrative with much simplicity. But I must stop some where, and the tip-top of the Alps is a good enough point for resting.

SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES.

I cannot, as I have said, give you any sketches of the many valuable papers read at Birmingham; but I must send you a few items culled from them. One of those which much attracted my attention was an account given by Francis Galton, F.R.S., of some visions he had seen in diving into the sea. Opening one's eyes under the salt water gives a smart at first, but after a little is easy and even pleasant. Though there is plenty of light to see by, the perspective of everything is destroyed, and one's hand looks like a huge finger. But Mr. Galton tried putting on various glasses bound tightly over his eyes, and at last found a pair of spectacles which revealed everything. He saw big fishes, and crawling things, and pretty amphitrite, big speckled crustaceae, exquisite seaweed, and many-hued coral—in fact, if I may venture so to say, *divers* beautiful things. In the physiological realm the venerable Dr. Crisp showed that sparrows were not, as so generally thought, friends of the farmer, but destroyed several pounds of wheat to one worm, whereas the hornets, against which there is so much enmity, destroy maggots and other hurtful things. Several gentlemen arose to defend the sparrow, but Dr. Crisp showed several hundred sparrow-gizzards which revealed grains of wheat, but no worms at all. Professor Bennett, of the University of Edinburgh, declared that physiologists were now almost agreed that to man must be ascribed a sixth sense, which was to be called the *sense of weight*. If two little cubes, the one of lead, the other of wood, were gilded over so as to look exactly alike, and of the same temperature, no one of the five senses usually allotted to man would indicate which was lead, which wood. It was only by taking them up and feeling their weight that this could be discovered; and this sense of weight deserved to be called a sixth sense. A warm discussion occurred about the idea of Dr. Banting that animal food produced leanness, and vegetable food fatness. Dr. Davy showed that animal food would fatten people. The doctors agreed that any violent revolution in the diet was dangerous, and also that salt was the chief thing that made people lean. Dr. Crisp, in a paper on the relation of the size and weight of the brain to animal intelligence, said that the brain of man averaged thirty-eight ounces, and that of woman three or four ounces less; though relatively to the weight of the body the weight of the female brain was greater than that of man. The brains of distinguished men—as Byron, Cuvier, and others—had been found under the average weight. The Rev. Mr. Stirling exhibited four lads from Patagonia. He said that the rumors that the Patagonian Indians were of gigantic size were untrue; they were tall men, but their average was only five feet ten inches. Sir John Lubbock, in commenting on this, said that there was so much direct evidence from early travelers as to the great size and height of the Patagonians, that he was forced to the conclusion that they had been reduced in size in later generations. It was

quite possible that this might be the effect of the introduction of the horse among them, as Mr. Darwin had shown how the number of bumble bees depended on the proximity of cats. When people had to find their subsistence on horseback, the seven feet men would stand but a poor chance compared with those of five feet ten inches. Sir John also pointed out the curious circumstance that whilst the Terra del Fuegians were always shivering over fires, the Esquimaux cared but little for fires or clothing. In the chemical section some excellent photographs of the interior chambers of the Great Pyramid were exhibited, taken by magnesium lights. In the zoological room Sir John Lubbock gave an account of an ephemeral larva which he had observed, which was the fortieth of an inch long, and which underwent, down in the water, twenty-one transformations, manufacturing its lungs (of which there is no trace at first), multiplying its one tail into three, and at length coming to the surface of the water, leaping out of its own back, and becoming a winged fly.

ADMIRAL SMYTH.

Mr. Warrington Smyth was called away from the association, of which he is an important member, to attend the death-bed of his venerable father, Admiral William Henry Smyth. This old gentleman, who died in his seventy-seventh year, was the lineal descendant of John Smith, the founder of the colony of Virginia. (How the name came to be spelt with a "y" I must leave to the archaeologists.) He had in his house the only ancient portrait of John Smith in existence. I have seen it, and it gives a noble front. In one corner of the picture there is a mounted cavalier; in another, a ship tossed on the sea; in another, a swamp; in another, a figure which I forget. Admiral Smyth entered the British navy in 1803, served through the war, and afterwards undertook, upon his own resources, a valuable series of hydrographical observations on the coasts of Italy and Northern Africa. From that time, with brief intervals of ordinary service, he has been devoted to the sciences of astronomy, geography, and hydrography, and in 1857 he was appointed hydrographer to the Admiralty, which post he held at the time of his death. He was an excellent man, and his family has always been honorably associated with science. Talent in England seems to me to run in families much more than it does in America.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The continuation of M. Renan's "Life of Jesus" is in the press. It is to appear in two volumes, one of which will be entitled "Les Apôtres" and the other "St. Paul." It is said that this work is much less calculated to provoke criticism than its predecessor, the opinion expressed in it being more in conformity with the generally received views on the subject.

The Italians are about to establish a magazine in the style of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which, it is hoped, will equally represent the intelligence and culture of the country. It will be a revival of the *Anthologie Italienne*, to which Vieusseux, Giordani, Tommaseo, Capponi, etc., used to contribute, and which was suppressed thirty-three years ago by the Tuscan government at the instigation of the Russian minister. The *Anthologie*, in its new form, will be edited by Cino Capponi, one of the survivors of the original staff, and a large sum has been subscribed to give the undertaking a fair start.

The famous African traveler, Dr. Barth, has, according to the *Triester Zeitung*, been treated in a very offensive manner by the Voivode of Montenegro, Mellan. The doctor had attempted to penetrate the mountains of Wassewitch from Albania, and was stopped by the Voivode with a body of armed men, who, after handling him very roughly, sent him back again.

Tennyson is on the banks of the Moselle, very much to the disgust of the many tourists prying about Farringford in the Isle of Wight.

Victor Hugo is still on the Rhine. Robert Browning is in Brittany. Robert Ferguson, the philologist, sails for America on the 29th. Rev. Robt. Collyer, who has been delighting audiences in Manchester and London by his sermons, leaves for Chicago on the 20th. Father Ignatius (Rev. J. L. Lyon) is so ill that recovery is impossible.

The Russian government has agreed to exempt from postal charges all statistical publications sent from other countries to the scientific societies of the empire, if transmitted through the Ministry of Public Instruction.

The *Morning Advertiser* is requested, on behalf of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, to contradict a report which has gone the round of the papers both in England and America, to the effect that she had married one of the Davenport Brothers. Miss Menken declares that she never even spoke to either of the brothers. M. D. C.

NOTE FROM MR. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your last number contains a virulent attack on Mr. Wm. Everett's "Cambridge Lectures." About the literary part of the article there is nothing to say, since style is eminently a matter of taste, and a vast diversity of opinion about any man's style is perfectly allowable. But the personal portion of the attack is every way unjust and reprehensible. You blame him for not having joined the army, and his father for not having made him a drummer-boy! Mr. E. is so near-sighted that he could not hit a haystack or an elephant at ten paces. Much use he would be in a battle! Why revamp the stupid calumnies of the *Saturday Review*?

Not satisfied with pulverizing Mr. Everett, you take occasion to dispose of me incidentally as a "warning." Blessed indeed are they who expect nothing! Here was I in my innocence fondly supposing that, if any periodical would be likely to look approvingly on my small æsthetic and ethical efforts, it was THE ROUND TABLE, taking it at its own valuation and according to its own programme. One of the R. T.'s professed objects is to promote a less timid, more independent, and, in all respects, higher style of criticism. Very good, indeed! This is precisely what I have been aiming at all my literary life. The very last observations of the R. T. on the subject are an almost literal reproduction of something I wrote in another paper three months ago, as might easily be shown by a collation of passages, were it worth while. Another of the R. T.'s avowed aims is to expose and denounce prominent humbugs, be they abstract or concrete. Good again! This, also, is what I am constantly doing, despite infinite Billingsgate from all manner of blackguards and fanatics. And here, again, I claim to be ahead of the R. T., inasmuch as I have never called J. G. Bennett a gentleman (!), or adopted the Websterian cacography. Item, the R. T. makes a point of insisting on the desirableness of integrity, public and private. Very good, once more! This also is one of my pet commonplaces.

What, then, is the literary or moral delinquency that makes me a "warning" in your eyes? No reasons are given, but the fact of your putting me into the same category with one whom you accuse of want of patriotism implies that I am obnoxious to like censure. If this is your meaning, I repudiate it as an abominable libel. Certainly I did not enlist, having even stronger physical reasons than Mr. Everett for not doing so; but any one who has ever read the *Times* or the *Post* knows that "Carl Benson" always went *thorough* for the war and the country, when THE ROUND TABLE was as copy as Bardolph's nose, and used to edify its readers with eulogies on the veracity and honor of Jeff Davis. (For which chapter and verse can also easily be given, provided a file of the old R. T. exists anywhere.) One variety of pseudo patriotism I have never (thank the Lord!) professed or practiced. It is that which consists in adoring the popular caprice of each moment, and praising everything, good or bad, that happens to be American or to be called democratic. But ever since coming to man's estate I have tried conscientiously to do my duty as an American and a New Yorker, and I believe, too, before God, that I *have done it* a great deal better than hundreds of people who talk as if they had taken out a patent for patriotism and good citizenship.

There is reason, saith the proverb, in the roasting of eggs. There are limits to the "pitching-in" principle. THE ROUND TABLE has cut out a good deal of serious and valuable work for itself, but it makes a very clumsy new start in falling foul of one of the comparatively few men who can appreciate its objects or even see the use of its existence.

Your obedient servant,
C. A. BRISTED, 49 Lafayette Place.

A LADY ON EXTRAVAGANCE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I read with much interest the article in the last number of your very excellent paper entitled "The Riot of the Women," and fully indorse the sentiments which it inculcates. The extravagance of the times is appalling. Not a day passes but that I see instances of it which forbode evil, particularly among those whose means I know to be inadequate to the full gratification of their desires. I do not pretend to any knowledge of political economy, but I cannot but think that a day of reckoning is coming, when thousands who are now making inordinate display will find themselves poorer than ever they were before, and less able to regain the position that they now revel in. You deserve the thanks of every true man and woman in the land for your wholesome utterances.

Yet, while I thus speak, I feel bound to protest against

your attaching the whole culpability to the women. They are not nearly so much to blame as you allege. Of course there are women who will spend every cent they can get to adorn themselves and their households; but they are exceptions. The great majority of the women of America are not wholly given over to prodigality; and those that are do not always deserve the blame that is often visited upon them. The fault lies quite as much with the men as with the women. Every husband likes to see his wife make at least as good an appearance as her associates, and I know of one who has more than once surprised his wife with some elegant article of dress (which she did not need and did not care to have) just because some lady whom he knew was possessed of a similar one. What is the wife to do under such circumstances? She cannot refuse, still less reproach her husband. So she accepts the gift with a smile, and is pronounced a very extravagant woman the first time that she appears clad in the new garment. Such instances as this are not so rare as you may think.

Perhaps you do not know that the better class of women make no display at all now. The war brought wealth to so many common persons, who made haste to bedeck themselves in a profusion of finery, that the better class of people became disgusted; and, for fear of being taken for what they were not, refrained from making the display to which their means and position entitled them. And so prevalent is this feeling of disgust among the better classes that almost the only women who make any great display in public are either such as owe everything to greenbacks or belong to that portion which is debarred from every respectable circle. Believe me, sir, this is true. For one I am glad of it.

But why do the papers always denounce the women for extravagance and say so little about the men? Our sex does not monopolize prodigality. The money that a man spends for luxuries, such as dinners, wines, cigars, horses, etc., in the course of a year would far exceed that expended by the greatest spendthrift of a woman that I ever saw. If you will examine this subject more closely, I think you will find that the men are more to blame than the women. I am sure they are.

Pray excuse me for troubling you with this letter; but I wanted to thank you for speaking out so boldly, and, at the same time, enter my feeble protest against the wholesale condemnation of the sex which I represent. I am, sir, Very respectfully yours,

MUSIC.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

THE first really enthusiastic night of the opera season was last Monday evening, when a showy, brilliant opera, which has achieved a sudden popularity here, was revived for the *début* of a prima donna never before heard in this country, and for the *rentree* of a tenor who is among the most admired lyric artists that have ever sung before our public.

The new prima donna had been heralded by some of the stale, old, sensation efforts which were in vogue ten and twenty years ago. The lady was announced as young and beautiful, and a daily paper published a long and romantic story about an imaginary Russian lover—a sort of *serf-driver* like that represented by George Holland in Tom Taylor's new play at Wallack's—who followed the young prima donna all over the world, and took a fiendish delight in obtruding himself upon her gaze. Of course, he had known and loved the lady, and had been spurned. Yet his presence still annoyed her, and excited a mysteriously malign influence. He appeared, the legend went on to say, at our Academy of Music on the opening night of "Faust," and, during the singing of the principal tenor romanza, indulged in a snort of disappointment at finding that Kellogg, and not Bosio, was the prima donna of the evening. This absurd bit of fiction, though cleverly worked up, fell dead upon the public. It attracted no special attention, and only shows how far out of date are now these advertising dodges, which might have proved effective in the days of Parodi and in the incipient stages of the lyric drama in New York.

Bosio, then, on the occasion of her *début*, was judged entirely on her merits, and the verdict was favorable. The lady is really both young and beautiful. Her voice is a soprano of moderate compass, good quality, and average culture. Bosio is at the beginning of a career which may culminate in making her a leading lyric artist. We can imagine that Zucchi, when an immature girl, may have been much like Bosio. The latter is just verging towards maturity in her profession. She acts pretty well, is graceful in many of her attitudes and gestures, and shows real dramatic instinct. That she is

a great prima donna nobody will maintain; that she may become one, few can doubt; that she is now a pleasing and intelligent singer, none can deny.

A young prima donna who makes her first appearance in New York has, in almost any part she may select, to sustain comparison with predecessors, many of whom are of wide and deserved celebrity. As *Ione*, for instance, Bosio, a young girl scarcely out of her teens, has to struggle against the memory of Medori, an artist of long experience in all the leading opera-houses of Europe, of immense power of voice, and of a dramatic impetuosity which, though not always in good taste, certainly took well with an audience. The *Ione* of Bosio is more true to the character itself—that of a timid, graceful girl—than that of Medori; but the latter made points in it which were absolutely splendid, and of which the new-comer has not the slightest idea—for instance, in the *finale* to the third act, where *Ione*, in the arms of *Glauco*, shrinks from, yet defies *Arbaces*. In this situation Medori was intense and most effective, where Bosio is only tame and ineffective. On the other hand, Bosio is a purer and more beautiful singer than Medori; and in action and fervor, even she is ahead of any recent operatic *débütante*. The young singer is of the stuff of which real prima donnas are made, and she is a welcome addition to our list of lyric artists.

The central point of attraction was, however, the favorite tenor, Mazzoleni, whose superbly impassioned singing and acting appear to better advantage as *Glauco* than in any other character he has assumed. It is an exaggerated part, and thoroughly suited to his style. The delirium scene is so vivid a piece of acting that few take notice of the music; and, in the more melodious portions of the opera, Mazzoleni finds another series of successes. It may, however, be questioned whether such singing as this part seems to require be not destructive to the voice. Certain it is that, on Monday night, some of the favorite tenor's high notes did not come out with the fullness and roundness that characterized them last season.

The performance of "*Ione*" proved at once that this Mazzoleni is the favorite tenor of the day. Irfé is an exquisite artist, and is acknowledged to be such especially since he sang in "*Lucrezia Borgia*." Massimiliani has a sturdy kind of merit, which makes him an acceptable vocalist, but Mazzoleni is the only one of the trio who can really call forth the noisy enthusiasm which was latent during the first week of the opera. The other artists share in the applause, and accompany Mazzoleni before the curtain; but it is this vigorous, impassioned tenor who vitalizes the audience, as it were, and warms them up to that genuine enthusiasm which brings the hands together in applause and the cry of "*Bravo*" to the lips.

Adelaide Phillips reappears before a New York audience this season, after an absence of four years passed in Europe and California. During that time she has not improved. Her noble, rich voice, it is true, is in most points as noble and rich as ever; but there is an effort in her singing—an audible respiration—that is very annoying to the listener. Whenever the accomplished contralto overcomes this, she is as acceptable as when she sang with La Grange and Brignoli.

The new basso Antonucci is admired for his full, melodious voice; but there is a lack of fire and energy in his performances which prevents him from awakening any real enthusiasm. Bellini is, next to Mazzoleni, the most popular male artist on our lyric stage.

It may seem ungenerous and carping to find fault with a manager who has displayed the liberality of Maretzek in bringing together so admirable a company as that now at the Academy, but there are certain little defects which he should remedy. The scenery at the Academy of Music consists of a few good "drops," and a half-a-dozen old scenes which are used in the most absurd and incongruous manner. For instance, a cottage interior serves in "*William Tell*" for a Swiss chalet, and in "*Ione*" as the residence of an Egyptian magician in Pompeii; and the market scene represents a view in a German mediaeval city, rich in Gothic architecture of the most pronounced character, with a mediaeval cathedral in the background, and a bit of Egyptian architecture at the right. The scene, as it ought to be, is thus described in the libretto:

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Square in Pompeii; on one side of the stage is the house of Arbaces. Before its majestic vestibule are two enormous sphynxes; beside it stands the temple of Isis.

It is night; the sky is serene and starry; the marketplace is still animated and filled with people. Beneath small tents are seen the vendors of fish and fruits, whose voices mingle with those of the flower-girls.

The chorus-singers are dressed in the flowing costume once in vogue in Pompeii, and, thus attired, they come out and sing under the Gothic portals and the grotesque

gargoyles. A more absurd inconsistency cannot be imagined. Had Mrs. Dr. Blimber's desire to have lived in the days of Cicero been gratified by the sudden transportation of that learned lady, in all her modern garb and spectacles, to the Roman forum as it was in the time of the republic, she could not have been a more thorough anachronism than is expressed every opera night by the scenery at our Academy of Music.

DRAMA.

MADAME CELESTE—THE NAKED DRAMA.

THE name of Madame Celeste is a familiar one to most American ears, though it may be difficult with many to identify it with any particular woman, time, or place. We have all regarded it, however, as belonging to other days, and its reappearance in the theatrical columns seems like a robbery of the past. Old theater-goers, however, remember it in connection with one of those periodical furores which energetic managers have from time to time created through the country. The names of Fanny Ellsler and, more latterly, of Cubas stand in the same category with that of Madame Celeste. They have been the leading spirits of what has been appropriately styled the Naked Drama—a species of dramatic representation which has served to vitiate the character of our modern theater, and which is a living insult to the memories of those whose wit has given a glorious, but neglected, literature to the stage.

Madame Celeste has certainly been a very successful actress, and it is due to her to say that her career has not been confined, like that of Cubas, to a display of her form upon the stage. During a long and successful reign at the Adelphi, London, she produced many plays of a somewhat different character, necessitating less nudity than those of the "French Spy" school, but equally dependent upon grace of motion, and having but little more literary merit. To this latter class of plays belong the "Green Bushes" and the "Flowers of the Forest" by Buckstone, in the original casts of which her name appears. Both of these, especially the former, are dependent almost entirely for their interest upon the gracefulness and beauty of the leading actress, who represents, in one of them, an Indian girl resorting to signs for want of an English tongue. This has been Madame Celeste's most popular class of characters, and the one, with the *French Spy*, in which she has gained her reputation. This is not among the higher branches of dramatic representation; it is emphatically among the lowest; it is often pretty, sometimes beautiful, never very elevating—very often the reverse—and always fatal to the existence of a sound dramatic literature. Such is Madame Celeste's position as an actress. She has a fine form, apparently as full and handsome as in her youthful days, though a trifle less exposed than then; a clear, sharp, black eye, black hair, and a good face. Her movements are still graceful. Beyond this, criticism has nothing whatever to say, good, bad, or indifferent, of Madame Celeste. True, she often speaks upon the stage, and does it well; but this is *purely incidental*.

A word about the "*French Spy*." This play was originally written for Madame Celeste, and in it she first appeared as the leader and champion, if not the inventor, of our modern Naked Drama, which has become, in other hands, the disgrace of our modern stage, and a shame to the modern society which supports it. The stage has robbed the artist of his privilege; and the female form which was once exhibited in the private studio now strikes its attitudes before the congregated thousands of New York or London audiences.

Passing in silence the evident effect of this kind of representation upon the public morals, we can add but a word about its influence upon dramatic literature. As the Naked Drama and all its sensational concomitants advances in popularity, the legitimate drama must and will recede, and we can hope for no such writers as Congreve, Sheridan, or Colman as long as they would be continually insulted by the success of such trash as the "*French Spy*," and the substitution of nudity and pantomime for wit and poetry.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—"*Matrimonial Infelicities*." By Barry Gray.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—"*The Metropolis* or, Know thy Neighbor." By Robert St. Clair. Pp. 575.

"*Lady Audley's Secret*." By Miss M. E. Braddon. Pp. 331. HENRY HOYT, Boston.—"*David Woodburn, the Martyr-Missionary*." By Curtis Brandon. Pp. 310.

SEVER & FRANCIS, Cambridge, Mass.—"*On the Cam*." Lectures on the University of Cambridge in England. By William Everett, A.M. Pp. 300.

B. H. TICKNOR, New York.—Speech of Hon. Charles Sumner at the Massachusetts Republican State Convention at Worcester, Sept. 14, 1865. Pp. 21.

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